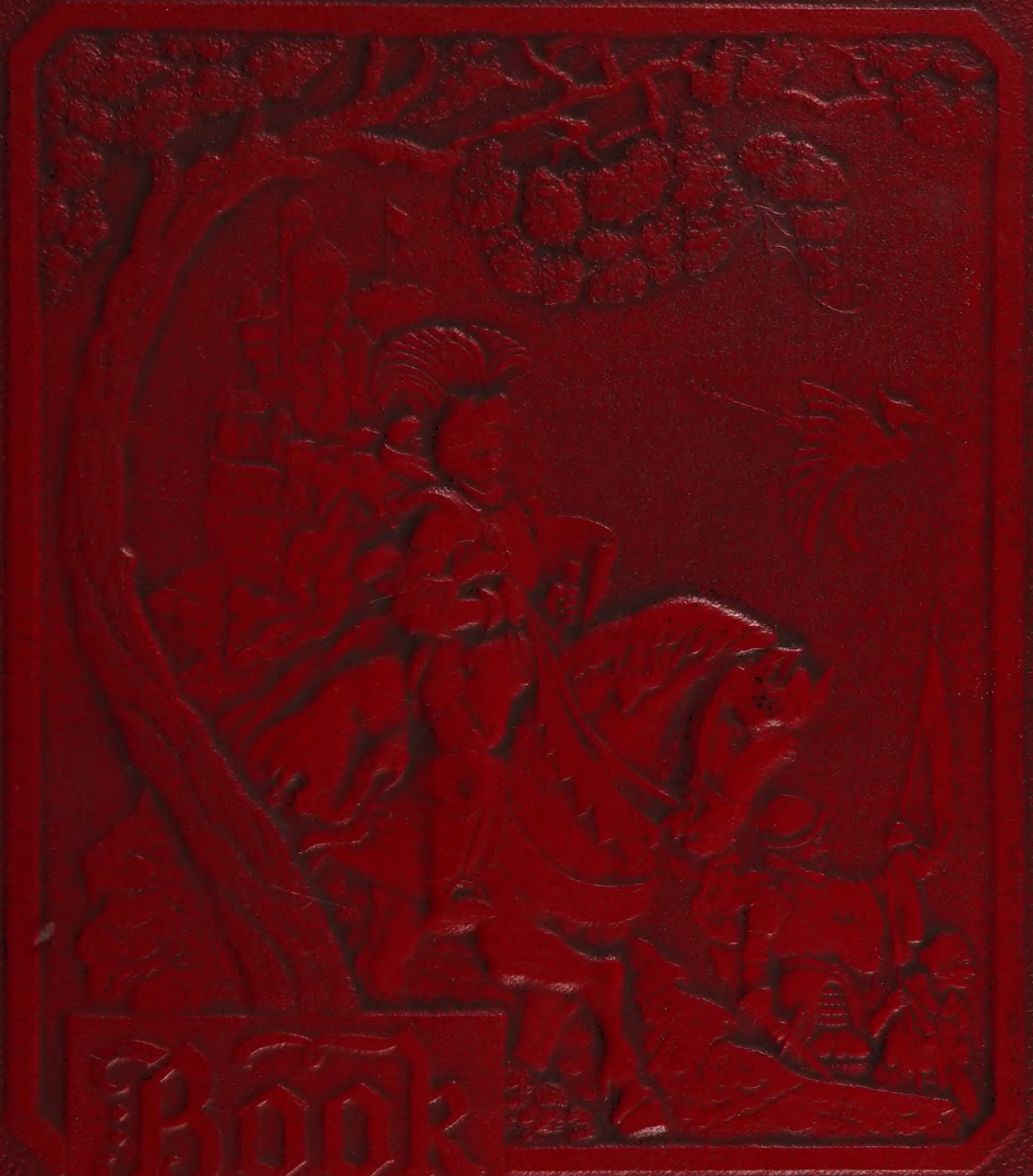
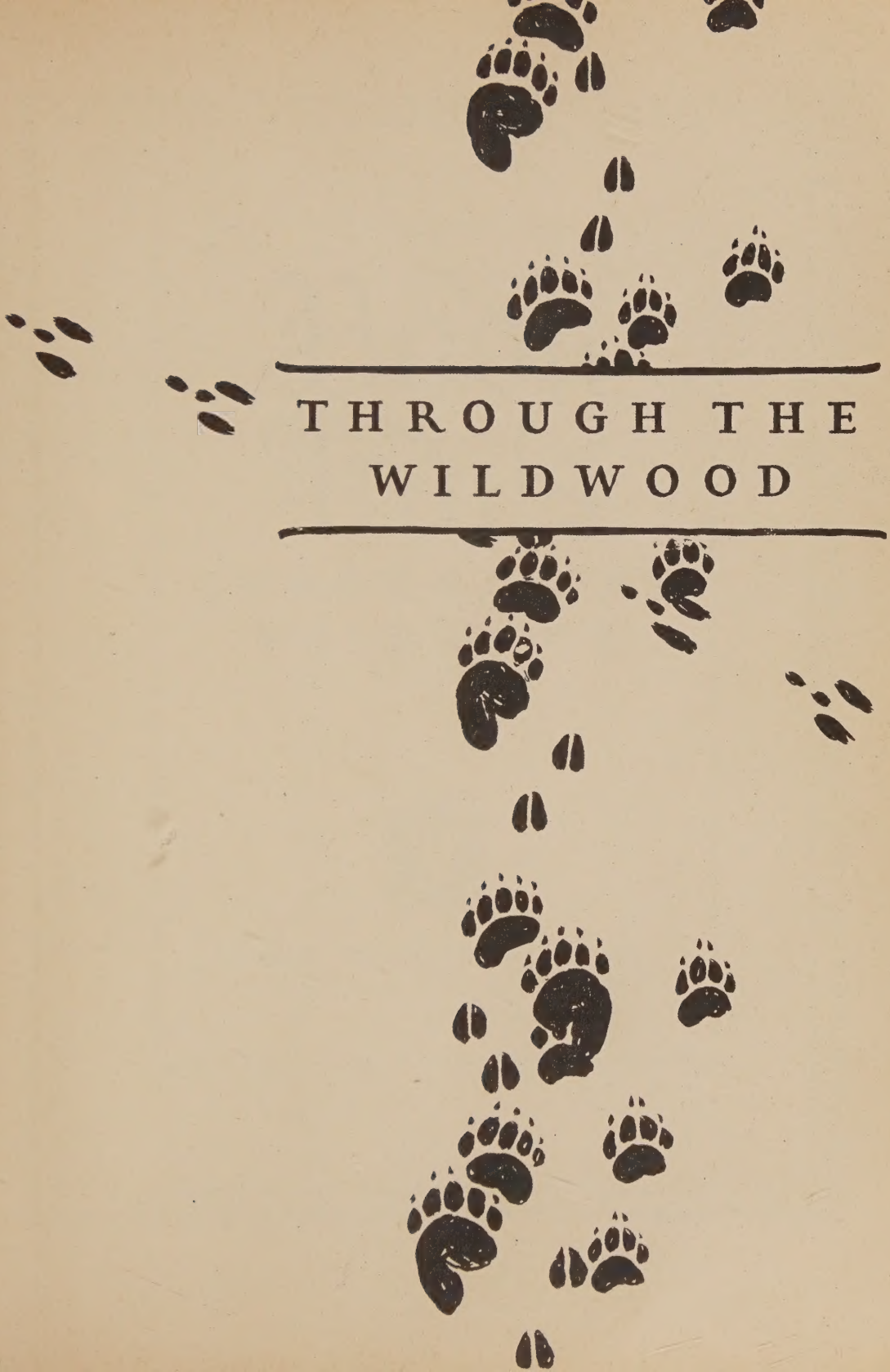


Book Trails

THROUGH THE WILDWOOD

CROSS ROAD

BOOK
TRAILS



THROUGH THE WILDWOOD

Book Trails

THROUGH THE WILDWOOD

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KRENCIPAL AND KRENCIPALKA

ELSIE BYRDE

KRENCIPAL and Krencipalka had not a penny to bless themselves with. Their cottage was tumbling to pieces, there was not a bit of bread in the cupboard. A bad state of things that was, to be sure!

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"Let us go out in the world and seek our fortune," said Krencipal to Krencipalka. So off they started.

And they walked and walked till they met a Needle.

"Where are you off to?" asked the Needle.

"Into the world to seek our fortune," said Krencipal and Krencipalka. And the Needle said:

Take me with you all the way:
I will help you night and day.

"But how are we going to carry you?" asked Krencipal and Krencipalka.

"Just stick me in your hat," answered the Needle. And they did so.

And they walked and walked till they met a Lobster.

"Where are you off to?" asked the Lobster.

"Into the world to seek our fortune," said Krencipal and Krencipalka. And the Lobster said:

Take me with you all the way:
I will help you night and day.

"But how are we going to carry you?" asked Krencipal and Krencipalka.

"Just put me in your basket," answered the Lobster. And they did so.

And they walked and walked till they met a Duck.

"Where are you off to?" asked the Duck.

"Into the world to seek our fortune," said Krencipal and Krencipalka. And the Duck said:

Take me with you all the way:
I will help you night and day.

"But how are we going to carry you?" asked Krencipal and Krencipalka.

"Just put me in your sack," answered the Duck. And they did so.

And they walked and walked till they met a Cock.

"Where are you off to?" asked the Cock.

"Into the world to seek our fortune," said Krencipal and Krencipalka. And the Cock said:

Take me with you all the way:
I will help you night and day.

"But how are we going to carry you?" asked Krencipal and Krencipalka.

"Just put me in with the Duck," answered the Cock. And they did so.

And they walked and walked till they met a Pig.

"Where are you off to?" asked the Pig.

"Into the world to seek our fortune," said Krencipal and Krencipalka. And the Pig said:

Take me with you all the way:
I will help you night and day.

"But how are we going to carry you?" asked Krencipal and Krencipalka.

"You don't need to carry me," answered the Pig. 'Just drive me in front of you." And they did so.

And they walked and walked till they met an Ox.

"Where are you off to?" asked the Ox.

"Into the world to seek our fortune," said Krencipal and Krencipalka. And the Ox said:

Take me with you all the way:
I will help you night and day.

"Likely we're going to carry *you!*" said Krencipal and Krencipalka.

"You don't need to carry me," answered the Ox. "I'll carry the missis and the basket as well." And he did so.

And they walked and walked till they met a Horse.

"Where are you off to?" asked the Horse.

"Into the world to seek our fortune," said Krencipal and Krencipalka. And the Horse said:

Take me with you all the way:
I will help you night and day.

"Likely we're going to carry *you!*" said Krencipal and Krencipalka.

"You don't need to carry me," answered the Horse. "I'll carry you and the sack as well." And he did so.

So Krencipal sat on the Horse, Krencipalka sat on the Ox, the basket was hung on the Ox's horns, and the sack was hung on the Horse's tail, and the Pig

ran on in front. And they walked and walked till they came to a wood.

In this wood was a fine house in which no Christian soul might live, for it was inhabited by a wicked Goblin.

Krencipal and Krencipalka went into the house, the Horse went into the stable, the Ox went into the barn, the Pig went into the sty, the Cock went into the parlor, the Duck went behind the kitchen stove, the Lobster went into a bucket of water, and the Needle went, eye downward, into a bench in front of the table.

The Pig told them to put some acorns to roast for him, and they did so.

After a while, in came the Goblin.

"What are you doing here, Krencipal and Krencipalka?" he asked.

"We are just passing the night here," they replied. "Pray sit down." And he did so. And the Needle ran into him, for he had seated himself upon the bench.

"O! O! O!" cried the Goblin, and ran to the bucket for water to bathe the prick. When he put his hand into the bucket the Lobster seized it and squeezed it

until the bones cracked. Out jerked the hand at once!

"O! O! O!" cried the Goblin, and ran to the fire for ashes to rub on his hand. But the acorns went bang! bang! bang! and flew out and hit him in the eye.

"E! E! E!" cried the Goblin, and ran to the barn for some straw that he might wipe his eye, but the Ox caught him on its horns and threw him over its head into the stable, where the Horse let out with his hind legs and sent the Goblin flying through the yard into the kitchen and out by the front door. As he passed the Duck said, "Quack, quack, quack, quack, qua–ck," and the Cock said, "Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tu–ck."

The Goblin took to his heels and ran as fast as he could to the Underworld.

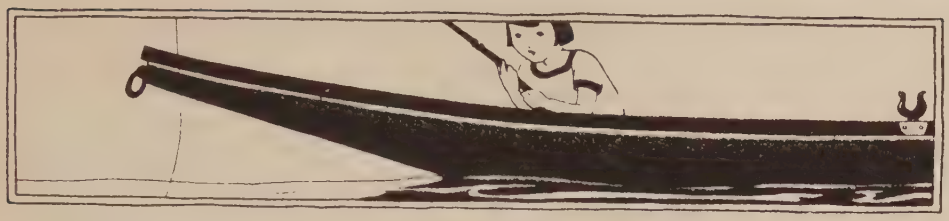
"What are you doing here?" asked his friends. "Why are you not at home?"

"Ho–me?" cried the Goblin, his teeth chattering so that he could hardly speak. "N–n–n–ever a–g–g–gain!" He sat down to get over his fright, but it was some time before his teeth stood still so that he could tell them what had happened to him.

"My house is haunted by humans," he said as soon

as he could speak. "I found two of them sitting at the table, and they asked me to take a bit of dinner with them. So I sat down on the bench, and the cook was crouched under the table and ran a skewer into me. I went to get some water to bathe the prick and there was a tinker, sitting in the bucket, who pinched my hand so hard with his pincers that the bones cracked. I went to the fire to get some ashes to rub my hand with, and there was a soldier, who shot at me—bang! bang! bang!—and hit me clean in the eye. I went to the barn for some straw to wipe my eye, and there was a haymaker, who tossed me up in the air with his pitchfork and right over into the stable. And there was a blacksmith, who gave me such a knock with his hammer that I went flying through the yard, into the kitchen and out by the front door. As I passed, another of these creatures called out, 'Smack—smack—smack—smack—smack—him—w-e-ll!' and another called, 'Chuck—chuck—chuck—chuck—chuck—him—o-u-t!' And I'll never go home again!"

So Krencipal and Krencipalka stayed on in the fine house and lived there happily ever after.



MARCIA GOES FISHING

RUTH CAMPBELL

GRANDMOTHER had just told the cousins the most wonderful thing, and they were all very much excited and pleased. She was going to take them to the cottage for two weeks. Just Grandmother and the children and Huldah and Cook and Roy. Roy to watch them; not that the cousins could not be trusted, but the cottage was on the edge of a lake and there were boats to be rowed, and smaller boats to be sailed, and a swim once a day, so of course Grandmother thought it wiser to have a man near the cousins at those times in case of accident.

Between sails and swims and games near the water, the children were going to play in the woods and make cities on the banks of a jolly little stream that trickled down from the hills to the clear blue little lake.

From *The Runaway Smalls*. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

"I have a million plans," Marcia said; "the only trouble is that there won't be time to do them all."

"Two weeks is quite a long time," Colin said hopefully.

"What does it matter if we don't do everything? We'll be busy every minute anyway," Tommie said wisely.

The outing was to be a sort of farewell party for Colin who was soon to leave his grandmother and his cousins to go back to his own mother and father and his own home. He had spent a wonderful summer at the Big House and in less than three weeks his vacation would be over.

But just now the cousins did not think about the end of summer. Their little heads were filled with great plans for the trip. There were no trains going to the little lake where the cottage was, and so they were all to drive up with Henry and Roy and in two carriages. Grandmother, of course, would go in the most comfortable one and the rest would ride in the big picnic wagon. It had three seats with plenty of room for the luggage under them, and there was a big

space in the back for picnic baskets and such.

The cousins were all packed two days before they were to go. That is, they had packed the important things, like sets of shovels, and hoes, and rakes, and pails to play in the sand, or small boats to sail and small dolls to sail in them. They took one or two books in case of rain, though Grandmother smiled when she saw those and said, "I'm quite sure they won't be opened."

The unimportant things, like shoes and clean frocks and suits, were left to the mothers. The cousins had no time to waste on those.

It seemed ages before the great day arrived, but finally it swung 'round the calendar and the children were all up early. It was a beautiful day, warm and clear, and the cousins were more pleased than ever with the picnic wagon.

The dogs were not invited, so the cousins planned to leave them behind. But the dogs had other plans, and when the carriages left the city and turned into the woods, the children heard barks, and there were Pat and Sandy and Rex racing madly along with flap-

ping ears and wide smiles on their faces. Grandmother said then, "Oh, let the dear things come." So the three dogs were not separated from their playmates after all.

It was great fun to look back through the woods and see the other carriage with Grandmother and Kenneth and Marcia. Once Henry drove right up behind them, and then the cousins called back and even threw oranges to Kenneth, who caught them.

It took them three hours to reach the cottage, and what shouting and calling there was when the little green house came in sight. The cousins dropped out of the picnic wagon like little beetles and raced to the lake shore. Huldah and Cook, who had been in the front seat of the picnic wagon, went straight to the cottage, where Huldah cleaned the rooms and made up the beds and Cook got things ready for dinner. She knew the children would be hungry and planned all of the things they liked.

Cara promptly fell in the lake and had to have her shoes and stockings changed.

"Why not go in your bare feet?" Grandmother sug-

gested, and in two minutes not a cousin wore shoes or stockings.

It was a perfectly wonderful day and the hours seemed to go by on wings. Before they realized it, the cousins were called to supper, and after that Grandmother told them a story and it was time for bed.

But the next morning they were all up with the birds, and after breakfast Grandmother made plans.

They were to row in the boats only in the morning when Roy could be with them, and every afternoon from three until four they could swim. After supper they could play on the shore with their little boats, but at all other times they were to keep away from the water. They promised gladly because they knew it would save Grandmother from worry, and there were so many wonderful things to be done in the woods and on the banks of the stream that they were not sorry to be kept away from the lake.

That day Marcia and Kenneth started some wonderful little cities on the edge of the stream. Then each of the children built a city and they sent boats back and forth with cargoes to sell or exchange. They pulled the boats up the stream with stout cords and let them drift down again. It was a splendid game and one that they never tired of playing.

And another day Cara and Elizabeth Anne found a fairies' ballroom. It was under a hollow stump, and there were tiny ferns growing around it and a smooth floor of brown pine needles. The children just knew that the fairies danced there every night, and so they

made little tables and chairs of white stones, and couches of moss, and every morning they put fresh moss in so the fairies would be pleased when they came to dance again.

Every day they walked to the village to get things for Cook, and that meant a stick of candy for each, which they shared with Rex and Pat and Sandy, who sometimes went too.

But best of all the playtimes and games was the swimming. How the cousins did love that. Roy taught them the strokes, and it was surprising how quickly they learned to swim. Buster could take ten strokes alone the fourth day and after that they all learned to keep themselves up like little ducks.

One day the boys wanted to go out where it was much deeper, but Roy wouldn't hear of it. He said they would forget all they knew about swimming when they got in deep water and he wasn't taking any chances.

They used to get into their bathing suits right after dinner (Grandmother didn't mind, only said she should think they would be eaten alive by the mosquitoes)

and at three o'clock Roy would appear in his swimming suit, and there would be shouts and splashes and great excitement, for the cousins had not the least fear of the water and were almost inclined to be too bold.

But one day something happened that showed them what dreadful things could happen, and how quickly.

Buster and Cara and Elizabeth Anne had gone to the village to do errands for Cook. Kenneth and Tommie and Colin were adding little houses to their cities on the banks of the stream. Grandmother was taking a nap, and Marcia was reading on the porch. She looked up and saw the rowboat bobbing up and down at the end of the pier. "It would be fun to sit in that and fish," she thought. "Grandmother wouldn't care as long as I did not untie it." And although she knew it was naughty, Marcia got her fish line, found a fat bug to put on the hook, and ran down the pier and jumped into the boat.

Poor, foolish Marcia. She turned her back to the shore and hummed a little tune as she cast her hook and line over the side to catch a fine, big fish. Suddenly there was a little tug at the hook. Marcia sat

very still but was very excited. In a minute she felt the nibble again; she gave a quick pull on the line and, sure enough, she had a wriggling fish firmly hooked. Then she grew more excited. "Kenneth, come quick! I've caught a fish." She turned her head and gave a gasp. The boat was no longer tied to the pier; it was drifting out on the lake.

Her voice was filled with terror. "Kenneth! Kenneth! come and help me!"

Kenneth, busy on the bank of the stream, looked up. "Is that Marcia calling?" he asked. They listened.

Again Marcia's frightened call came clearly to them.

"Kenneth, come *quick!*"

The boys sprang to their feet and raced to the pier.

"She's alone in the boat!" Colin gasped.

"Without oars!" Tommie cried.

"Sit still, Marcia. We'll get Roy. Don't move," Kenneth called. But poor little Marcia, terrified at the distance between her and land, did not sit still. She stood up to wave and call again, and stepped to the side of the boat. It tipped enough to let the water run in and then quite silently overturned.

"Grandmother!" screamed Tommie.

"Roy!" screamed Kenneth.

Their voices were shrill with terror and both Grandmother and Roy heard. Grandmother rushed to the porch and saw a little curly head appear above the water near the overturned boat and then disappear. Roy rushing to the pier, took off his coat as he ran, and waiting only a second to pull off his shoes leaped into the water.

But someone was before him. A great bounding Rex shot into the water from the shore and swam straight

for the drowning girl. How rapidly that noble head moved through the water! The children watched him, fascinated; they did not know a dog could swim so fast. Marcia's curly head came to the top again and still Rex was ten feet from her. Grandmother, watching in frozen horror, saw the little head go under again. She breathed a prayer and held her tightly clenched hands to her heart. For the third and last time the dear brown head appeared, and Rex was there. His great muzzle shot forward and he caught Marcia's dress at the shoulder. His jaws closed surely on the material and his head lifted above the water to raise Marcia.

"Good dog, Rex, hold her," called Roy, who was swimming frantically. "Hold her, Rex, hold her."

But Rex didn't have to be told that. He knew how to hold Marcia. Didn't he know how to get her in the first place? Like the wise doggie he was, he did not try to swim with her, but used his strength to hold her until Roy reached him. His great paws went up and down in the water, evenly, steadily. Marcia's weight was almost too much for him, but he intended

to hold her. Roy was almost there. Rex shut his eyes; he was afraid in his doggie heart that he could not do it. The wide-spread paws beat the water desperately. He opened his eyes, so like a human being's eyes, and there was Roy. One more stroke and Roy held Marcia. Another two or three and the overturned boat was reached. Roy caught it with one arm and thrust Marcia up on it with the other, and Rex, his duty done, turned wearily to the shore.

Other boats put out. A little launch reached Roy quickly, and Marcia was carried ashore. A doctor who lived in the next cottage was waiting and shortly after a breathing, whimpering Marcia was carried to Grandmother.

The children had never seen Grandmother like this. Her gentle calmness was gone. She caught the little girl to her breast and sobbed, wildly and uncontrollably, and when Marcia was laid on a bed, she sank by it on her knees and sobbed still harder.

"Is Grandmother all right?" Buster asked Huldah, and Huldah nodded.

Cook took the cousins out with her and talked with

them and told them there was nothing to be frightened about now, and presently Huldah came to say that Grandmother wanted them, so they went quietly in to Grandmother and Marcia.

Not a word was said, but they all cuddled to Grandmother and smiled at Marcia who smiled back at them. After a time Grandmother spoke in a broken voice.

"You won't any of you go near the water again, not even to swim?"

And Buster voiced the feelings of the others when he answered, "No, we couldn't bear it now."

Grandmother spoke again. "Rex—" she began, but could not go on.

"Oh, Rex!" cried the cousins. "Isn't he the wonderfullest doggie in the world?"

"He may wear a furry coat and have four feet but he is human," said Kenneth.

"With a heart of gold," Grandmother finished.

If Rex could have been spoiled, the children certainly would have spoiled him. They fed him the choicest bits of food and candy and sweets until he wisely refused to eat more. But it was Grandmother who thought of the best thing.

"We'll get him a wonderful collar," she promised the children. "It will be of the finest leather and on it will be a gold plate, and on that we will have just three words engraved."

"And what will they be?" the children asked.

"Rex. Our Hero," Grandmother answered smilingly.

BLUNDER

Louise E. Chollet

BLUNDER was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies and a little coach, like Tom Thumb's. And of course you may have your wish if you once get there. But the thing is to find it; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate with a tall marble pillar on each side and a sign over the top, like this—WISHING-GATE—but just an old stile, made of three sticks. Put up two fingers and you have it exactly—the way it looks, I mean—a worm-eaten stile in a meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules and regulations. She could only direct him to follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met; and over and over she charged him, for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything, "Be sure you don't miss him—be sure you don't pass

him by." And so far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood or turn to the right? There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder's fairy godmother told him that this was a great philosopher, who sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight, under his nose; and he could think of nothing better to say to this great philosopher than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Eh! what's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, now very angry. "Winks and naps! How dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a milestone? Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" —and the owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went, and "what was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all?" While he hesitated, a chipmunk came scurrying down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk, politely. "What with getting in nuts, and the care of a young

family, I have so little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water sprite under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! who, I have no doubt, can tell you all about it."

So Blunder went on up the brook, and, seeing nothing of the water sprite, or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is—I can't find it," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog. "I am very sorry, but the fact is, I am an artist. Young as I am, my voice is already remarked at our concerts, and I devote myself so entirely to my profession of music that I have no time for general information. But in a pine tree beyond, you will find an old crow, who, I am quite sure, can show you the way, as he is a traveler and a bird of an inquiring turn of mind."

"I don't know where the pine is—I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder, discontentedly; but

still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices squabbling. And looking about him, Blunder spied a bee, quarreling with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "I don't know anything about geography. But if you will keep on in this path, you will find a Dream-man, coming down from fairyland, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder, and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-man, asleep under a witch-hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away. But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes, for at home,

when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or, "I can't find it," and then his mother or sister went straight and found it for him. So he passed the Dream-man without seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and, catching up his lantern, set out at once.

Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a mud hole.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, whisking off among the tree tops.

"But I can't come up there," whimpered Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying. "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump; and it happening, unluckily, that this rotten

stump was a wood-goblin's chimney, Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper. The old goblin, who was asleep upstairs, started up in a fright at the tremendous clash and clatter, and finding that his house was tumbling about his ears, as he thought at first, stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her for a good safe place to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore frantically about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes; but of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. "I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but—"I don't know where it is," he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin, halfway down the stairs.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed the cook. "He is coming. Jump into the meal chest."

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing towards the fireplace. "Where is it?"

Clump! clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs, and coming towards the kitchen door.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on the peg.

Get into that," cried the cook, quite beside herself.

But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal chest; and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him prancing around the kitchen, and crying out, "I can't find it," but, fortunately for himself, Blunder caught his foot in the invisible cloak, and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

But as he could see nothing amiss, he went grumbling upstairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry. It was dark, he did not know the way home, and, seeing an old stile, he climbed up, and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir. Just then came along the South Wind, with his pockets crammed full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home. The boy was glad enough of this, only he would have liked it

better if the Wind had not laughed all the way. For what would you think, if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman, who went chuckling to himself, and slapping his knees, and poking himself, till he was purple in the face, when he would burst out in a great windy roar of laughter every other minute?

"What are you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate, and came home because he could not find it."

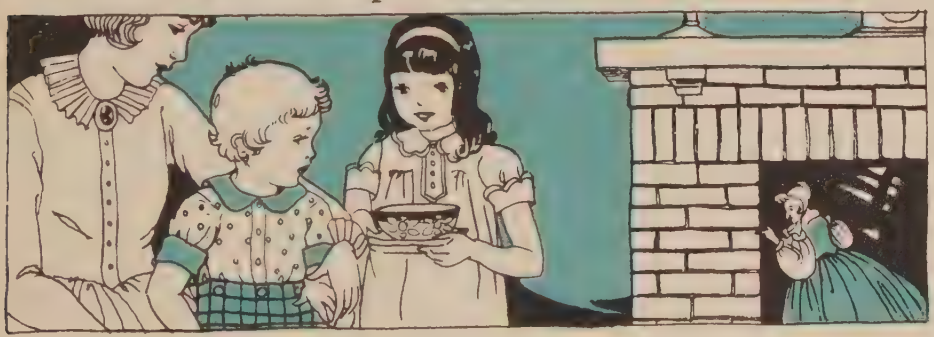
"What? What's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his godmother by the fire, her mouse-skin cloak hung up on a peg, and toeing off a spider's silk stocking an eighth of an inch long. And though everybody cried, "What luck?" and, "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" she sat mum.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it;" and thereon told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

"Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, pulling out her needles, and rolling up her ball of silk; "but

now hear my story! There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do then; but this little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl, and waked up the wrong owl; so he passed the water sprite, and found only a frog; so he sat down under the pine tree, and never saw the crow; so he passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern; so he tumbled into the goblin's chimney, and couldn't find the shoes and the closet and the chest and the cloak; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it. Ugh! Bah!" And away went the fairy godmother up the chimney in such deep disgust that she did not even take the time to stop for her mouse-skin cloak.



KING SAUL'S ADVENTURE IN THE CAVE

Flavius Josephus

ROBERT BRUCE was not the only ruler who had a great adventure in a cave, for David, son of Jesse, came face to face with his greatest enemy in the depths of a great cavern.

When David and his followers went to protect the people of Keilah during the harvest-time, he stayed to guard them from the Philistines until all their grain and fruits had been harvested.

Now, although he had not great cause to do so, King Saul feared David, though David was the king's son-in-law.

Saul, hearing that David was in Keilah, sent men to capture him; but David was warned and fled to the land of the Ziphites, where he lived in a wood. The men of Ziph, to please Saul, told him that David was with them and said they would help the king find him. David, hearing what these men had done, went to the wilderness of Maon, and afterward to a cave in the

country of Engedi. With three thousand men, Saul followed, hunting for David.

At last Saul came to the cave in which David and his men lay hidden. It was a very broad, long cave, and many men could hide in it. Saul, not knowing that David and his men were there, went alone into the cave and sat down to rest in the dark coolness of the place.

David's men wanted him to kill the king. This he refused to do, but he went softly behind Saul and cut off a piece of his robe. After a time, Saul left the cave. David followed, and called him by name.

King Saul, recognizing the voice, turned around quickly.

Then David bowed low, and asked Saul why he had listened to the wicked men who told lies about him, and who said that he wished to kill the king.

"Had I wished to kill thee," said David, "I could easily have done so just now; for when I cut off the bottom of thy robe, I could easily have done the same to thy head." And David held up the piece he had cut from Saul's robe. Then was Saul ashamed and made peace with David, touched by his generosity.

THE CRICKET

An Irish Legend

THE cricket, is it? I'd not be after telling you all I know about the cricket. Enchanted, he is, and old. Old as the hills he is. No one in his senses would kill him, for he brings good luck to the hearth, and a cheery song. When he sings at night the little folk do not come near. The fairies keep away, for they want the hearth and the dying embers to themselves, so they do not play tricks or dance on the hearth where the cricket sits. Yes, lucky is the house where the cricket chirps. If only we could understand him! Hundreds of years old, he is, and so wise that we might learn much from him if we could but understand. Lucky is the house where the cricket chirps on the hearth at eventide when the family foregathers.

Retold from an anecdote by Lady Francesca Speranza Wilde.

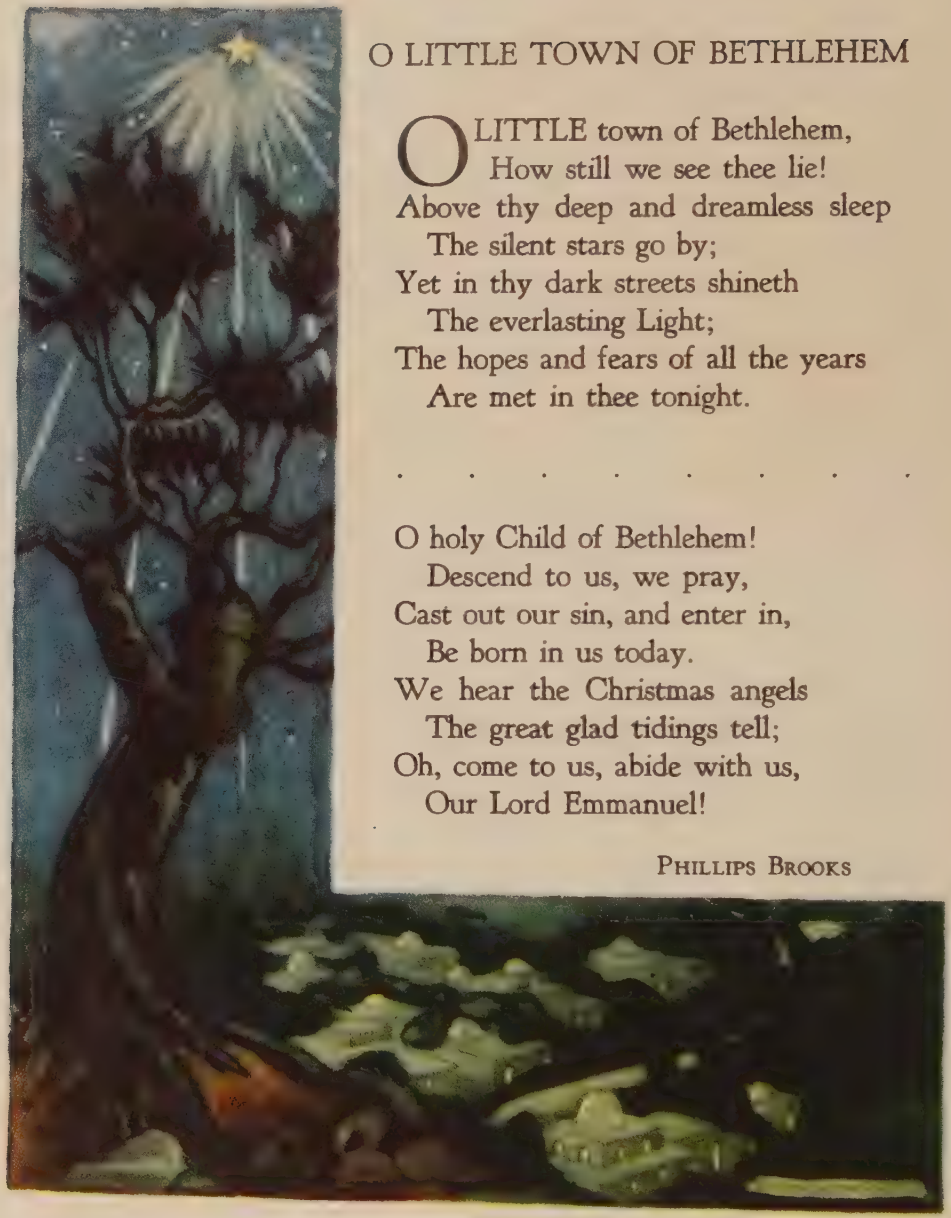
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself,
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*"

CLEMENT C. MOORE



O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

. . . . . .

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS

PADDY'S CHRISTMAS

HELEN A. MONSELL

ONCE upon a time, in a blue-black cave in the heart of the woods, there lived a brown, bouncing bear-cub named Paddy. His father and his mother and his uncle and his aunt lived there, too. All through the winter, though, these grown-ups just dozed and slept in the blue-black cave in the heart of the woods, leaving Paddy to tumble and frolic in front of the cave all by his lonesome self. That is why, one clear, frosty morning in the winter, when the snow was on the

By permission of the author.

tree tops and the sun was making warm splotches on the ground where it shone through the woods, Paddy, with no one to watch him, slipped and tumbled and tumbled and slipped down the mountainside, until he almost rolled into a little log cabin standing where the valley ended and the mountain began.

Now Paddy was a wise youngster and knew he shouldn't let the human beings in that cabin see him—human beings do strange things to bouncing bear-cubs when they get a chance. He stopped his slipping and tumbling in a hurry and hid in the bushes behind the cabin. He had a suspicion he ought to turn around and go back home; but his father and his mother and his uncle and his aunt had told him so many things about human beings, and he was feeling so very gay and frolicsome and adventuresome, he decided to stay very quiet and listen for a while. He did more than listen —he saw, and he felt, and he smelled. When the sun began to go down behind the mountain and he was forced to turn and climb and crawl back to the blue-black cave in the heart of the woods, he was so excited he didn't know what to do.

He hurried into the blue-black cave and called his mother and his father and his uncle and his aunt. After he had bounced against them, and tickled them, and pulled their ears until they were really awake enough to know what he was talking about, he asked them excitedly, "What is Christmas? It's pretty, it's lots of fun, and it makes you feel good from the inside out."

"I don't know," said Father, and rumbled back to sleep.

"I don't know," said Mother, and tumbled back to sleep.

"I don't know," said Uncle, and rumbled back to sleep.

"I don't know," said Aunt, and tumbled back to sleep.

Then Paddy waked them all up again, and he looked very determined as he did it. "I've got to find out," he told them, "because I want one so bad. If you don't tell me, I'll go back down and ask the human beings themselves, and you know what they do when they catch bouncing bear-cubs. They'll take me, and keep me, and teach me how to dance."

This frightened the grown-up bears so that Uncle lumbered to his feet and said he would go find out what

Christmas was, and bring one back to Paddy. He lumbered down the mountainside to the little log cabin where the valley ended and the mountain began, and he listened and he watched, and he smelled and he felt. Then he came back to Paddy.

"Christmas," he told Paddy, "is holly and mistletoe, and running cedar, and things like that. You get them, and decorate, and sing songs about it, and that is Christmas." Then all the grown-ups went back to sleep.

But Paddy went back in the woods, and he gathered holly and mistletoe and running cedar, and things like that, and hung them all around the walls of the blue-black cave. Then he sang songs such as he had heard

the children sing in the cabin where the mountain ended and the valley began. For a time he was very happy, but finally he began to feel that something was wrong. He thought it all over, and at last he went back and waked his father and his mother and his uncle and his aunt.

"Uncle Bear was wrong," he told them. "This isn't Christmas. There is something more, because when human beings have it, it's pretty, and it's loads of fun, and it makes you feel good from the inside out. The mistletoe and holly and things like that are pretty, but that's all. What is Christmas?"

This time it was Aunt Bear who said she would go

find out. She rambled down the mountainside to the little log cabin where the mountain ended and the valley began, and she listened and she watched and she smelled and she felt. Then she came back to Paddy.

"Christmas," she told Paddy, "is getting presents. You get toys and good things to eat, and play and have a good time, and that is Christmas. Here, I brought you some presents on my way back." She gave him a log full of honey, some big crinkly pine cones to play ball with, and a big blue ribbon to tie round his fur collar. Then all the grown-ups went back to sleep.

Paddy went out into the woods, and he dressed up in his ribbon and ate his honey, and played with his pine cones. For a while he was happy as the day was long, but finally he felt something was wrong. He thought and he thought about it, and at last he went back into the blue-black cave and waked them all up again.

"Aunt Bear was wrong," he told them. "This isn't Christmas. There is something more, because when human beings have it, it's pretty, and it's loads of fun, and it makes you feel good from the inside out.

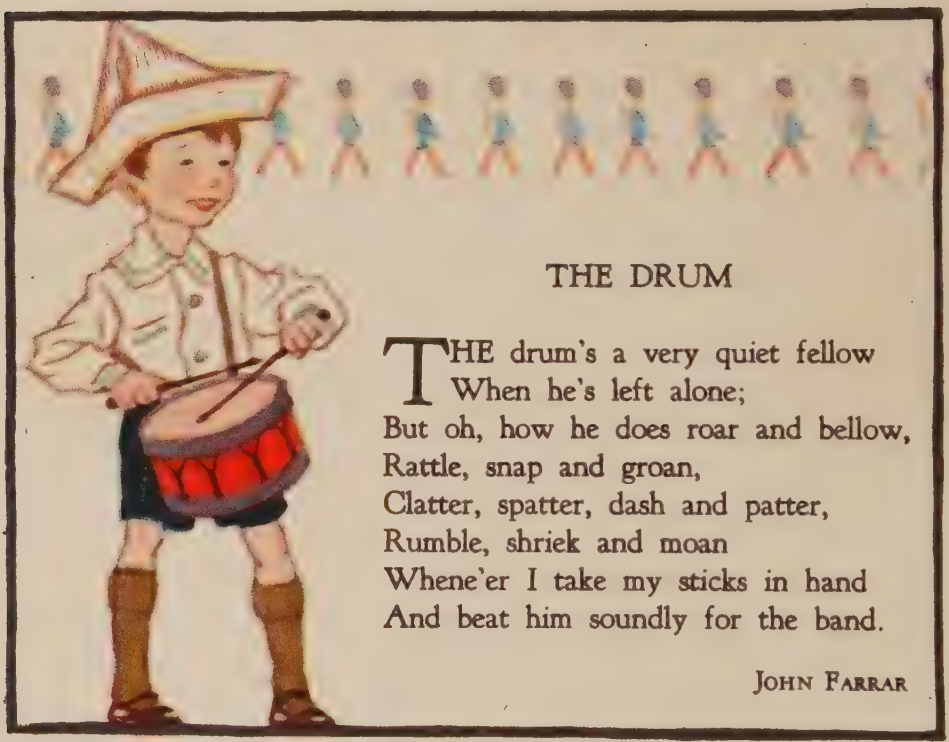
These presents are pretty, and they are loads of fun, but that is all. What is Christmas?"

Then Mother, who understood Paddy better than the others, said she would go find out. She scrunched off down the mountainside to the little log cabin where the mountain ended and the valley began, and she listened and she watched, and she smelled and she felt. Then she came back to Paddy.

"Christmas," she said, "is more than mistletoe and holly; it is more than presents, too. It is giving something to somebody else, and making them happy as well as yourself." Then all the grown-ups went back to sleep.

Paddy went back in the woods, and he found a stick for his father to use when he climbed around the mountains. He hunted until he found a whole pawful of nuts for Uncle Bear, and some bright red feathers the cardinal had dropped for Aunt Bear. For his mother, he picked a bunch of stiff grasses and tied them into a broom with which she could sweep out the blue-black cave. Laden down with all these things, he went back to the cave, and for the last time, he waked his

father and his mother and his uncle and his aunt. He gave them all his presents, and then just lay back and rolled with delight when he saw how surprised and pleased they were. "Merry Christmas!" cried Paddy, and he knew that it was, for it was pretty, and it was loads of fun, and it made him feel good from the inside out.



THE DRUM

THE drum's a very quiet fellow
When he's left alone;
But oh, how he does roar and bellow,
Rattle, snap and groan,
Clatter, spatter, dash and patter,
Rumble, shriek and moan
Whene'er I take my sticks in hand
And beat him soundly for the band.

JOHN FARRAR

Reprinted from *Songs for Parents*, by John Farrar. Published by the Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

THE LITTLE SEA HORSE

MRS. A. S. HARDY

DID the baby mermaids ride
Through the ocean's foamy tide,
Guiding thee, their gallant steed,
With a rein of red seaweed?
Who can tell?

Certain it is the mermaids would not choose these little horses if they were in haste, for they are but poor swimmers, and strong sea currents upset them.

Quiet, slow-going, and harmless little fishes they are, who had rather "stand" with their tails twisted around

From *Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes*. Boston: Ginn & Company.

the seaweeds than to gallop through the seas. They love the warm waters where they have their homes, but it is not an uncommon thing to find the little steeds stranded far up our coasts. They attach themselves to seaweeds and are often carried by the waves long distances from their native "race tracks."

Their heads and necks so resemble those of horses that the name *Sea Horses* fits them well.

In thy sea life did a troll
Groom thee in a coral stall?
Was a cockleshell thy manger,
Filled with seaweed, little ranger?
Who can tell?

Those we find upon our coast are not over six inches in length. Their tails are slim and curling and finless, and by them the little fishes fasten themselves to corals and to seaweeds, and thus safely anchored they do not mind the currents and the tides that might otherwise wash such little steeds away. Their position in the sea is generally rather erect, whether making their way through the water or when anchored by their twisted tails to some sea root they feed in their seaweed pastures. They have a kind of crest upon their heads

which gives them the appearance of little knights of the sea, questing through the ocean deeps.

Though but little fishes they show a great love for their young. The males have a pocket upon their breasts in which they carry the eggs and also their little "sea colts" after they are hatched until they are old enough to go out into the great water pastures and take care of themselves. While they are in this pocket it is said they are nourished by a kind of fluid secreted there. The pouch is drawn in a little at the top to keep the little sea horses from falling out into the sea before they are old enough to shift for themselves. In his pocket or brood-pouch, as it is called, the sea horse carries as many as two thousand eggs at a time.

Sea horses may be called cross-eyed, for their eyes do not work together. One eye may be looking straight ahead while the other is turned in a different direction.

Do the little mermaids weep
In their sea caves, fathoms deep,
That before their ocean door
Thou art bridled nevermore?
Who can tell?

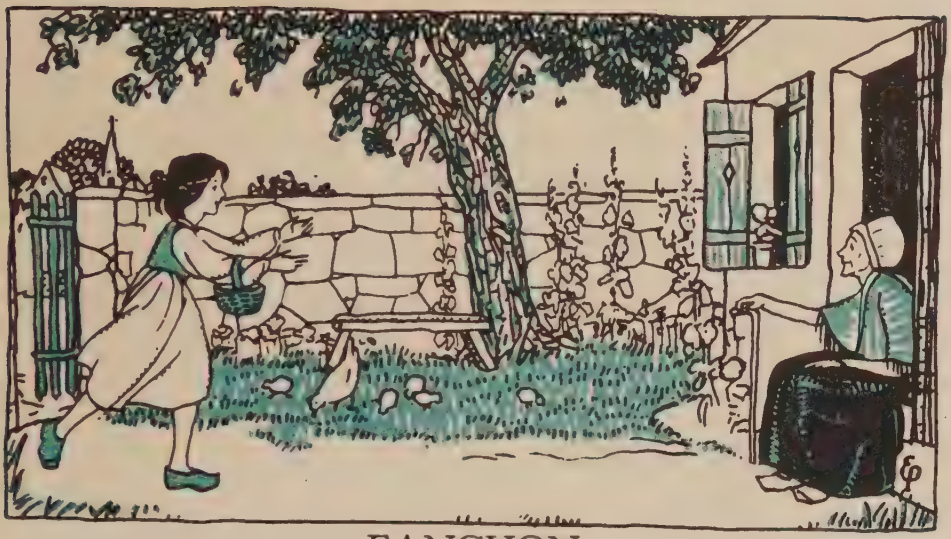
BEFORE

BEFORE I was a little girl I was a little bird.
I could not laugh, I could not dance, I could not speak a word;
But all about the woods I went and up into the sky
And isn't it a pity I've forgotten how to fly?

I often came to visit you. I used to sit and sing
Upon our purple lilac-bush that smells so sweet in Spring;
But when you thanked me for my song, of course you never knew
I soon should be a little girl and come to live with you.

ROSE FYLEMAN

From *The Fairy Green*, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1923, George H. Doran Company, publishers, New York.



FANCHON

ANATOLE FRANCE

FANCHON started off early one morning, like little Red Riding Hood, to her grandmother's, who lived quite at the far end of the village. But Fanchon did not, like Little Red Riding Hood, stop to pick nuts in the wood. She went straight on her way, and she did not meet a wolf.

From a distance, she saw her grandmother seated on her doorstep, her grandmother, who smiled with her toothless mouth, and opened her arms, thin as grape-vines, to welcome her little granddaughter. Fanchon

was delighted to be spending a whole day with her grandmother. And her grandmother, having no longer any cares or tasks, living like a cricket in the warmth of her fire, also was delighted to see her son's little daughter, who was a picture of her own youth.

They had many things to say to each other. Grandmother reviewed the voyage of life which Fanchon was just starting to make.

"You grow bigger every day," said her grandmother to Fanchon, "and I grow smaller every day. See, I need hardly stoop to kiss your forehead. My old age does not matter now that I again gather roses of youth from your cheeks."

Fanchon was examining for the hundredth time, with new joy, the curious things in the little house: the paper flowers blooming under a glass globe; the painting of French generals in fine uniforms overthrowing their enemies; the golden cups, some with handles, and some without; and grandfather's gun, which remained hanging above the mantel on the nail to which grandfather himself had fastened it, for the last time, now more than thirty years ago.

But the hours passed, and soon it was time to get ready for the noonday dinner. Grandmother stirred up the wood fire that had been sleeping, and then she broke some eggs to cook on the black tiled hearth. Fanchon watched with great interest the omelet that turned golden and sang in the flame. Her grandmother knew better than anyone how to make omelets with bacon, and to tell stories. Fanchon, seated on a bench, her cheek just as high as the table, ate the steaming omelet and drank sparkling cider. Grandmother, however, as was her habit, ate standing near the corner of the hearth. She held her knife in her right hand, and with the other she held her snack spread on a crust of bread. When they had both finished, Fanchon said:

"Grandmother, tell me the story of the Blue Bird."

And grandmother told Fanchon how, by the wish of a wicked fairy, a beautiful Prince was changed into a bird the color of the sky, and of the great sorrow the Princess felt when she saw him change, and watched her lover fly so sadly to the window of the tower in which she was shut.

Fanchon sat quietly thinking about the story.

"Grandmother," she said, "was it long ago that the Blue Bird flew to the tower where the Princess was shut up?"

Grandmother said it was a long time ago, in the days when animals used to talk.

"Were you young then?" asked Fanchon.

"I wasn't born yet," said grandmother.

"A good many things happened before you were born, didn't they?" asked Fanchon.

When they had finished talking, her grandmother gave her an apple and some bread, and said, "Go, little one, go play, and eat this in the garden."

And Fanchon went into the garden, where there were trees and grass and flowers and birds.

Grass, and flowers, and birds were in grandmother's garden. Fanchon did not believe there was a lovelier

garden than this in all the world. Soon she took her knife from her pocket to cut her bread as the village people do. She munched the apple first of all, and then she began to take little bits of bread.

Just then a tiny bird came fluttering near her. Then a second and a third came. Ten, twenty, thirty flew round Fanchon. Some were gray, some red, yellow, green, and blue. All were pretty, and all were singing. At first she did not know what they wanted, but she soon saw that they wanted some bread, the little beggars. They were beggars, of course, but they

were also songsters. Fanchon was too kind-hearted to refuse them bread for which they paid with songs.

She was only a little country girl, and she did not know that once upon a time, in a country where white rocks bathe in the blue sea, an old blind man earned his bread singing songs to the shepherds, songs that learned men admire even today. But her heart heard the little birds, and she threw them crumbs that did not fall to the earth, for the birds caught them in the air.

Fanchon saw that the birds had not all the same nature. Some ranged in a circle at her feet, waited until the crumbs fell under their beaks. These were the philosophers. She saw others who circled gracefully around her. One even came boldly and pecked at her piece of bread.

She crumbled the bread and threw the crumbs to them all. But they did not all eat it. She noticed that the boldest and most clever left nothing for the others.

"That isn't right," she said to them. "Each should eat in his turn." They paid no attention to what she said, so she tried to help the weak ones and encourage

the timid ones, but the strong ones still took the most.

Crumb by crumb, the whole slice of bread went into the beaks of the little singers. And Fanchon, quite pleased, went back into her grandmother's house.

In the late afternoon, grandmother took the basket in which Fanchon had brought a small cake to her, filled it with apples and raisins, putting the handle over her arm. She said, "Now, Fanchon, go straight home, and don't stop to play with any of the scamps in the village. Always be a good girl. Good-bye."

Then she kissed her, but Fanchon stood waiting in the doorway.

"Grandmother," said she.

"What is it, my little Fanchon."

"I should like very much to know," said Fanchon, "if there were any handsome princes among the birds that ate my bread."

"No, nowadays there are no more fairies," answered grandmother, "the birds are all just little animals."

"Good-bye, grandmother!"

"Good-bye, Fanchon!"

And she went across the fields toward home. She

could see the smoke from the chimney of her home in the distance against the sky, red with the setting sun.

On the way, she met Antoine, the gardener's little son, who said to her, "Are you coming to play with me?"

"No," said Fanchon, "I'm not coming to play with you, because my grandmother told me not to stop But I will give you an apple, because I like you."

Antoine took the apple and kissed Fanchon.

They were very fond of each other, these two. He would say, "She's my little wife."

And she would say, "He's my little man."

As she went on her way with even steps, looking very wise, she heard the pretty notes of birds behind her, and turning her head, she recognized the little beggars that she had fed when they were hungry. They were following her.

"Good night, little friends!" she called to them, "Good night! It's time to go to bed—Good night!"

And the winged singers answered with cries that meant in bird language, "God keep you safe!"

So Fanchon came home to her mother, followed by music in the air.

She went to bed without candle-light in a little bed that a cabinetmaker of the village had made a long time ago, with a frame of walnut and graceful balusters. Fanchon's bed had been her grandfather's when he was a little baby. Fanchon slept. A cotton curtain with a pattern of roses sheltered her in her slumber. She slept and dreamed: She saw the Blue Bird flying toward the castle of its love, and it seemed

to her as beautiful as a star, but she did not expect it to settle on her shoulder. She knew she was not a princess, and that she would not be visited by a prince changed into a bird the color of the sky. However, she told herself that not all birds were princes, that the birds of the village were villagers, and that there might be found among them a little country boy changed by a wicked fairy, and carrying in his heart, under his gray plumage, a love for Fanchon.

To that one, if she should find him, she would give not only crumbs of bread, but cake and kisses too. She wished she could see him. And now she does see him. He settles on her shoulder; he is a sparrow, a simple sparrow—nothing rare about him, but he is alert and lively. To tell the truth, he looks a bit wild and mischievous. He has lost a feather from his tail; he lost it in a fight, or perhaps he met with some wicked fairy of the village.

Fanchon pets him and calls him pretty names.

All at once he grows larger and longer; his wings change to two arms; he turns into a boy; and she recognizes Antoine, the gardener's little boy.

"Let's go and play together," he says.

She claps her hands with joy, she starts to go—

But all at once she awakened, she rubbed her eyes. No sparrow, no Antoine! She was alone in her little room. Soft light fell on the bed. Fanchon heard the birds singing in the garden. She jumped out of bed in her nightgown, ran to the window, and saw in the garden that was full of roses, geraniums, and morning-glories, her little beggars, her little musicians of last night, sitting in a row on the fence-rail, giving her a gay song to pay for their crumbs of bread.

IN MY LITTLE ROOM

(Quand j'étais dans ma chambrette)

UP IN my little room
Atop a building tall
I put my room in order,
My little bird I call:
Do mi sol fa mi
I call cheerfully;
Do mi sol fa si
Gaily answereth he.

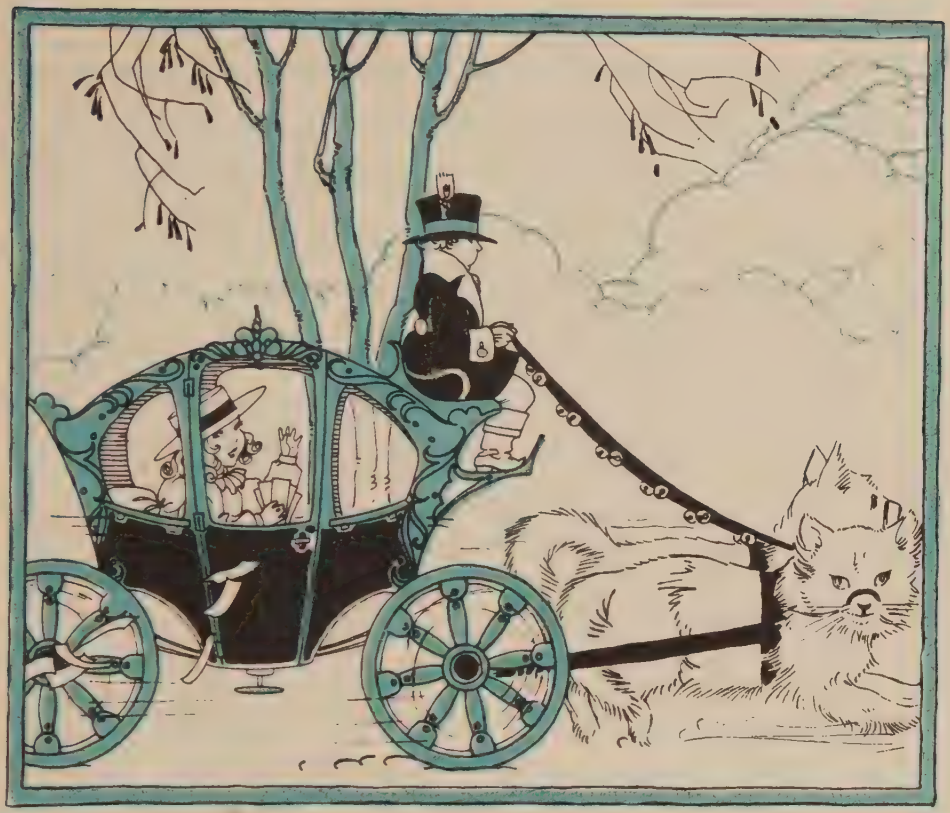
Popular Song

SMALL AND EARLY

WHEN Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor,
No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more;
Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea set came,
Our guests, an armless, one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.
She poured out nothing, very fast—the teapot tipped on high—
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.
She added rich (pretended) cream—it seemed a willful waste,
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.
She asked, "Take milk?" or "Sugar?" and though I answered, "No,"
She put them in, and told me that I "*must* take it so!"
She'd say "Another cup, Papa?" and I, "No, thank you, Ma'am,"
But then I *had* to take it—her courtesy was sham.
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English-breakfast tea,
It did not give her guests the "nerves"—whatever those may be.
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded when
I would mistake the empty cups for those she'd filled again.
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I'd burn my tongue;
Indeed, she really hurt my pride—she made me feel so young.
I must have drunk some two-score cups, and Dorothy sixteen,
Allowing only needful time to pour them, in between.
We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and sipped in courtly ease,
With all the ceremony of the stately Japanese.
At length she put the cups away. "Good night, Papa," she said;
And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.

TUDOR JENKS

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.



HOW THE DOLLS CAME ALIVE

Josephine Scribner Gates

"LOOK, what's coming!" and with a shout of delight the children of Cloverdale village left their play and rushed pell-mell, right out into the street.

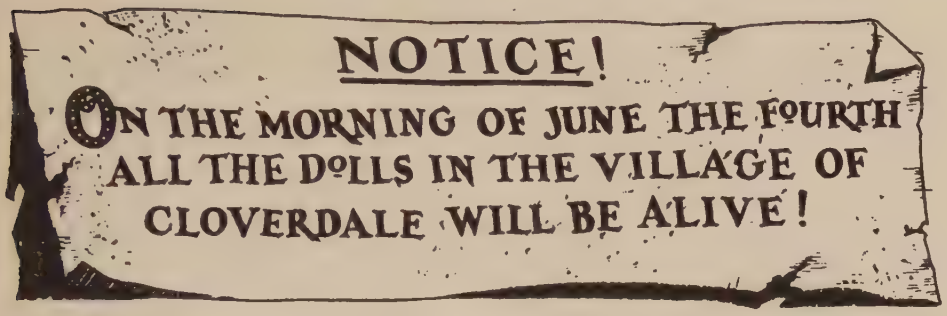
From *The Story of Live Dolls*. Copyright 1901-1920. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

What do you think they saw?

A tiny gilded coach drawn by two beautiful white kittens with reins of blue ribbons covered with silver bells, and through the coach window the face of a wonderful doll. On her head was a jaunty sailor hat, from under which yellow curls danced in the wind as she nodded and smiled at the children on either side.

From time to time she tossed out a handful of bills, which flew about like little white birds and then fluttered to the ground, where they were eagerly caught up by the fast gathering crowd of children, filled with wonder at the amazing sight. They made a brave effort to keep up with the coach; but the driver cracked his whip, the kittens started at a mad pace down the hill, and with one last nod and smile from the doll in the window, the coach disappeared in a cloud of dust. The children watched it out of sight, then turned to go back.

But what were these bills which, in the excitement, they had forgotten and were still clutching in their hot and dirty hands? Again and again they read over the startling words, which seemed to stare them in the face.



That was all; and it was to happen tomorrow, for this was the third day.

They looked at one another with eyes growing larger and rounder, and cheeks growing redder than the roses blossoming in the gardens. Then such a chatter began that even the birds had to stop singing to listen.

"I never heard of such a thing!" "How could they?" "Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely?" And suddenly realizing what a blissful thing was in store for them, if it were really true, the children began to hug each other and dance about and squeal with joy, until their various mothers came to the windows to learn the cause of the commotion. When the little ones caught sight of them, remembering that they had not heard the wonderful news, they shouted:

"Let's tell our mammas!" and quickly disappeared.

Janie Bell's home was the nearest. She fairly flew up the steps and tumbled into the door as she said:

"O mamma, it's going to begin tomorrow! Won't it be lovely! A doll came in a gold carriage and she threw this bill, and a boy doll drove the white kittens all covered with ribbons and bells, and it was too pretty. . . . . Do you think my dolls could come alive?"

Mamma wiped the little hot face and read the bill.

"It does seem strange, but I don't know of a lovelier thing that could happen to a little girl than to have

her doll come to life. What a fine time there would be in the doll house!" she said, glancing out of the window at a beautiful little house under the trees. It was just like a real house, with a porch across the front, a real door bell, tiny shades and Swiss curtains at the windows, and a little brick chimney upon the roof.

Janie clapped her hands.

"O mamma, won't it be fine? I can hardly wait." She flew out of the door and into the doll house.

Each room was in good order, for Janie was a fine housekeeper. Papa had given the dolls' home to her, thinking that if the little girl learned to keep this one in order she would some day be able to take care of a larger one.

She looked at the parlor with its mimic furniture, a sofa, chairs, piano, and a grate where she could build a fire if mamma were watching. Then she went into the dining room, where the table was set all ready for dinner. How lovely it would be to see the dolls sitting there and actually eating!

In the kitchen was a little range with an oven, and

there Dinah, the black cook, was propped against the wall, looking as if she were only waiting for the magic word to set her marching off getting dinner. Her wig would probably fall off, as it was loose; and her leg was broken. Janie resolved to mend her at once, as it would not do to have her come alive in that condition. She peeped into the dear little pantry at the kettles, skillets, and shining pans on the shelves, and at the tiny box marked "Cake." In one corner was an ice box, in another a flour barrel.

Upstairs there were dolls of all ages and sizes; papa, mamma, and children. A little baby in long dresses lay in a cradle, and other dolls were sitting and standing about, some dressed and some, I am sorry to say, stark naked. Janie dressed and arranged them all in various attitudes; then, seized with a sudden inspiration, she exclaimed:

"Well, if it is true, we'll have the best time in this little house we ever had, and I'm going to get ready for it."

So she swept it from top to bottom, washed the little windows, tied back the pretty curtains with fresh rib-

bons, dusted the furniture, made the beds, washed the dolls' faces, mended Dinah's leg and fastened her wig, flitted about from room to room, giving each one a last fond look, and then she locked the front door and hung the key on the branch of a tree, where it was safely hidden by the leaves.

The sun was setting, and papas were coming home to their suppers. All seemed as usual, but it was a new and very exciting world to this little mother, for the morning was to bring strange doings. Janie hurried in to eat her supper and get to bed early.

"It seems almost like Christmas, mamma; I can hardly wait for tomorrow," she said as she kissed her mother good night. Mamma laughed merrily.

"Well, close your bright eyes, and the birdies will be singing their morning song before you know it," she said. Janie leaned out of bed to kiss her big dollie, who was sleeping peacefully in a cradle by her side.

No dollie ever had better care, for Janie was a kind little mother. She took her to the table for each meal, gave her a lovely ride every day, and at night carefully undressed her and tucked her into bed.

"Won't it be beautiful?" Janie whispered, as she gave the cradle a little jog. But Dollie slept on, quite unconscious of the fact that in the morning she was to be as full of life and dancing gaiety as Janie herself. As for Janie, she hardly dared think about it; for if she once began to imagine what bliss was in store for her, she would never get to sleep.

During the night she dreamed all sorts of things. Toward morning it seemed that she and Dollie were riding in an eggshell coach, drawn by two downy, yellow chickens. Dollie suddenly stood up and began to sing, frightening the chickens, so that they ran away and tipped over the carriage.

Of course, at this catastrophe, Janie wakened; but her dream seemed to go on, and she still heard a voice singing. Could it be her doll?

She hardly dared move, as she remembered what was to happen today. She listened a moment and then peeped out. At sight of her, Dollie held up both arms and said—yes, actually said:

"O you dear little mamma, I am so glad you are awake. I want to come into your bed." And up she

popped, and climbed in under the covers, and snuggled up exactly as Janie often snuggled up to her mamma. Janie hugged her, but for a moment was too frightened and astonished to speak.

Miss Dollie began to laugh and giggle so loud that papa and mamma came running in.

"It's true, mamma, it's true! Look at her!"

"Of course it's true," said Dollie. "Didn't the Queen of the Dolls decide that it should be? It had to be true when she said it. But let's get up and dress; you'll be s'prised to see what's happening in the doll house."

Janie gave a little scream of delight, hopped out of bed, and scrambled into her clothes. Dollie was quicker

than she, and was soon dressed and standing on a chair by the side of the bed; for Janie had to watch and laugh over the funny spectacle of Dollie dressing herself.

"Now brush my hair, please," pealed out Miss Dollie as Janie finished. Janie gave her another hug as she brushed the brown curls around her finger; then they ran pell-mell down the stairway and raced out of the house.

The family all laughed heartily, for it was a funny sight to see a doll run. They could hardly believe their eyes, and hurried into their clothes, for they too were eager to see these wonderful doings in the doll house. As Janie ran across the lawn, she noticed smoke coming from the chimney. She flew up the steps, unlocked the front door, and as she stepped into the hall beheld the astonishing sight of black Dinah at the toy telephone. She was just saying, "One steak, please," and then she called up the grocery store and ordered a bill of goods that would empty almost any housekeeper's pocketbook.

Dinah paid no attention to the visitors, but swept

the front steps, glanced into the dining room to see if all was ready for breakfast, and then went into the kitchen.

The fire was crackling in the range, and while Dinah waited for the groceries, Janie ran upstairs. The dolls were dressing in the different rooms, and mamma doll was trying to make the baby comfortable. Its cries soon brought Dinah up with a cunning milk bottle, all filled. Baby took it and nestled down into her pillow with it, just as any baby would who had to be fed in that horrid way. Janie longed to pick her up, but as she wished very much to see Dinah get breakfast, she thought she would wait until another time.

A knock downstairs announced the grocery boy, and Janie went down to find the table covered with little packages containing flour, sugar, coffee, eggs, and everything needed in a real kitchen. She longed to help put the articles in place, but Dinah looked queer and cross, so she didn't dare touch anything. It was no wonder Dinah was cross, for what do you think Janie had done in her haste the day before? She had put the poor thing's leg on backward, and had pasted her

wig on crooked, way down over one ear. So, of course, she wasn't very comfortable.

After putting everything away, Dinah got a dish, broke an egg into it (such a tiny egg, about as large as a bird's), and with a dear little egg beater whisked it as light as a feather. Then she poured in some milk and added flour, with a little salt and baking powder. Janie wondered what she was going to make, and glanced at the range. "O joy! Pancakes!" she cried, as she spied the smoking hot griddle, the size of a small saucer.

Dinah put on the broiler and laid the steak carefully on it, cut a potato into dice and put it into a pan with a little cream; then, with a dash of salt and pepper on the steak (which was soon done to a turn), she placed it on a platter and generously buttered it. When all was ready she rang a toy bell, and the family of dolls filed down into the dining room.

They seated themselves, and papa served the food. When he carved the steak the knife bent double, for it was really never meant for use.

"Why, I must go and buy another. I didn't know

it was so poor," said mamma doll, as she poured the coffee into the tiny cups and added cream and sugar.

How funny they all looked sitting there and really eating! Janie tried to smother a hysterical laugh, and made such a queer sound that they all looked up. She felt almost disgraced when her big doll, who had followed her about, whispered:

"Come away, or you'll hurt their feelings."

And now came Dinah with a plate of cakes, each about the size of a penny. Each doll clamored for one. How good they looked! Janie ran to the kitchen; she *must* bake those cakes. She *must* ask Dinah.

"O Dinah, please let me. I will be very careful."

"Well, Miss Janie, you may; but I am cross today. My hair is so crooked, and look at my leg! How could you put it on backward? I have so much work to do, and it is so hard to walk."

"Why, Dinah, you poor thing, did I do that? I will take it right off and turn it around. It won't take me more than a minute, and it will soon dry."

Dinah screamed.

"What! Don't you think I have any feelings? How would you like to have your papa break your leg and turn it round, and you sit waiting for the glue to dry?" And with a scornful sniff she hobbled in with another plate of cakes.

When the family had finally finished eating, there was still considerable batter left; Janie begged for some cakes for herself. Dinah consented, and so Janie and Miss Dollie sat down to eat, taking care to save some cakes for Dinah.

It certainly was bliss to watch the butter melt on those beautiful brown cakes, and to pour the golden syrup from the syrup cup, which had come all the

way from Boston for Janie only last Christmas.

"Aren't they delicious?" said a piping voice.

Janie jumped up and almost dropped the syrup cup. She had been so busy over those darling cakes that she had almost forgotten about her doll sitting opposite her at table.

"O you precious thing! I never can get used to hearing you talk. How many times I have played tea party here with you, and had to do all the talking myself!" And she ran round and gave her another hug. "Let's go and tell papa and mamma about the breakfast," she added; but as they stepped outside they found the family peeping in at the window.

"Isn't it fun, mamma? And did you see the cunning pancakes? The mamma doll is actually going shopping because my knives won't cut meat. The baby was really crying, and I must go up and see her," she rattled on, without giving them time to reply, and then ran up the stairway with the big doll tripping after her.

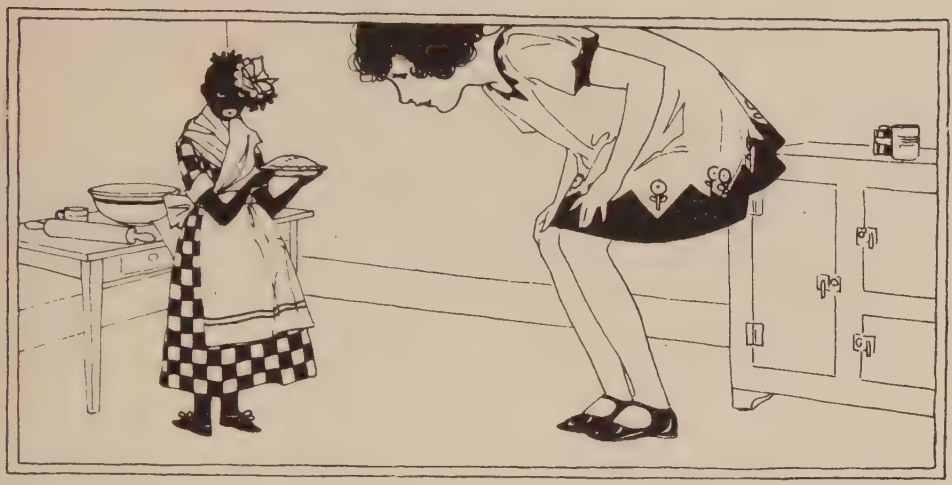
Stopping at the door of the bedroom, she clasped her hands in rapture, for mamma doll was giving baby a bath. It was kicking up its weenty heels and gurgling

and cooing just like a real baby. While mamma was scrubbing, suddenly baby grabbed the end of the wash cloth. Of course, it cried when she took it away, and then it stopped to listen, for mamma had wound up the little music box.

So the bath went on till baby was all clean down to its little toes, which mamma kissed and folded tenderly in the blanket. Then she dressed it and laid it in its cradle.

Janie made a motion to take it, but mamma shook her head, and, whispering that it was asleep, she quietly put the room in order and drew down the shades. The doll children were making a great racket, and mamma called to them to run out and play so baby could sleep. Janie and Miss Dollie followed.

As they passed through the kitchen, Dinah was just finishing a marvelous pie, as large as a silver dollar, and singing "Der's a good time comin' by and by." A dish of cranberries was cooling in the window, and as Dinah left the room for a moment, Janie couldn't resist peeping into the ice box. There was a block of real ice and a pan of milk with cream on the top of it.



How she longed to skim it with the little skimmer!

Then she espied a dish of something that looked like custard, which she was about to taste when Dinah's voice startled her.

"What you a-doin' in my ice box?"

"I only wanted to know what that was," said Janie respectfully, for she was a little afraid of Dinah since the leg affair.

"It's for ice cream, an' I'se a notion ter let you freeze it. I'se got a heap of work dis mornin'."

"O Dinah, may I?" And Janie danced a hornpipe then and there and threw her arms around Dinah's neck. Just to think of making the ice cream!

"You are a dear, and I am sorry I put your leg on wrong. I do wish I could fix it."

"Nebber mind, honey; I couldn't go through wid dat operation nohow," said Dinah, as she got the freezer and chopped the ice into bits, then poured in the custard and left it for Janie to finish.

With her dear companion by her side she worked until the handle began to turn hard, when she knew it was frozen.

"Dinah, can't we lick the ladder? Mamma always lets me."

Dinah said she might, and she dutifully gave Dollie half. She was sorely tempted to get a spoon and taste that in the freezer, as Dinah had left the room, but she knew that would not be honest; so she covered it up and ran into the yard to see the doll children at play.

Throughout the month of June the children of Cloverdale and their dolls played together. When July came, the playtime was ended, but the children were not so unhappy as they might have been because they felt sure that, in the words of Dinah's favorite song, "Der's a good time comin' by and by."

THE POPLAR TREE

FLORA J. COOKE

ONE night, just at sunset, an old man found the pot of gold which lies under the end of the rainbow.

His home was far beyond the dark forest, through which he was passing. The pot of gold was heavy, and he soon began to look for a safe place in which to hide it until morning.

A poplar tree stood near the path stretching its branches straight out from the trunk, for that was the way the poplar trees grew in those days.

"Oh," said the man, "this tree is the very place in which to conceal my treasure. The trees are all asleep, I see, and these leaves are large and thick."

From *Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children*. Chicago: A. Flanagan Co.

He carefully placed the pot of gold in the tree, and hurried home to tell his good fortune.

Very early the next morning, Iris, the rainbow messenger, missed the precious pot of gold. She hastened to Zeus and told him of the loss, and Zeus immediately sent Hermes in search of it. Hermes soon came to the forest where it was hidden. He awakened the trees, and asked them if they had seen the pot of gold. They shook their heads sleepily, and murmured something which Hermes could not understand.

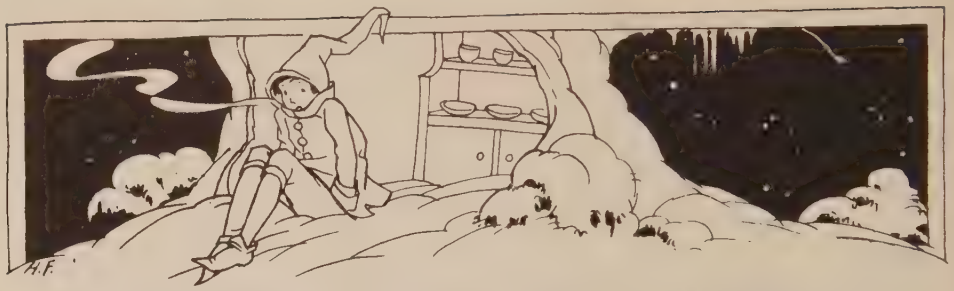
Then Zeus himself spoke to them. "Hold your arms high above your heads," he said, "that I may see that all are awake."

Up went the arms, but alas, down to the ground came the pot of gold.

The poplar tree was more surprised than any one else. He was a very honest tree and for a moment hung his head in grief and shame. Then again he stretched his arms high above his head, and said, "Forgive me, great father; hereafter I shall stand in this way that you may know that I hide nothing from the sun, my king."

At first the poplar tree was much laughed at. He was

often told that he looked like a great umbrella which a storm had turned inside out. But as years went by every small poplar was taught to grow as fearless, straight and open hearted as himself, and the whole poplar family became respected and loved for its uprightness and also for its great strength.



THE LITTLE GREEN ELF'S CHRISTMAS

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THE little Green Elf sat in his doorway. He had a very nice house. A long time ago, a rabbit had owned that same hollow tree, but the little Green Elf had lived there for years—ever since the cow ate old Kobold, his father.

The house was very tidy inside. There was moss for a carpet. In the corner was the cupboard with clean acorn cups and saucers. An empty nest was the little Green Elf's bed, with oak-leaf pillows and spread. Usually, the little Green Elf was a merry fellow, but today he was sorrowful.

He sat in a bunch with his hands in his little green pockets. There were holes in his green coat and the wind blew in. It was such a very cold wind, too.

From *Stories and Rhymes for a Child*. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co.

"Pretty sort of weather," he said in a gruff voice, because his throat was sore. "Not much to eat, and no thistledown to pay the pixies for a new overcoat. Never knew such a year; brooks empty, milkweed crop failed, no pumpkin seeds to be had at any price. The nuts are all covered up with snow. Whew, but it's cold—and Christmas Eve as sure as I live."

"Chee, chee, tee, tee, chee!" The little Green Elf stopped shivering and listened—

"Chee, tee, tee! Fine night, isn't it? How do you do down below there?"

"It's the lame squirrel," said the little Green Elf. "I thought he must be frozen this bitter weather, or starved. Not a nut has he been able to pick up since he caught his leg in the trap. Hello, up there—how are you?"

"All right," chirped a little voice. "Beautiful weather, isn't it?"

"I'm not so sure," said the elf. "Got anything to eat?"

"Plenty," came the piping voice. "There's fine bark on this tree and I'm chewing an icicle. I'm watching

the Christmas trees going into town. Grand sight—you ought to be up here."

The little Green Elf took his hands out of his pockets. He began to whistle softly to himself. Then he took his pine-needle broom and swept the snow out of his house. Next he started off over the snow. He was not gone long. When he came back, he was dragging a hemlock branch. He carried it into the house. He stood it up in the middle of the floor. He made so much noise that one of the sleepy crickets woke up.

"What are you doing?" she said, peering in the door.

"Sh!" said the little Green Elf. "It's a Christmas tree for the lame squirrel. Don't tell him."

"Got any fixings for it?" said the cricket.

"Oh, a few," said the little Green Elf. "I'm going to hang on a bag of chestnuts I was saving for dinner tomorrow."

"Hold on," said the cricket. "I'll just waken a few fireflies to be lights on the tree."

A snowbird fluttered by. "What's going on?" he twittered, looking in the door.

"Sh!" said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the lame squirrel."

"Wait a minute," said the snowbird. "I'll bring a bunch of wheat to put on the top."

One of the frost fairies peered in. "You seem to be very busy. What are you doing?" she called out.

"Sh!" said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the lame squirrel."

"Oh, let me help," said the frost fairy. "I know where there is a whole pile of hickory nuts; and I'll put some frost crystals on the branches."

It was certainly a beautiful Christmas tree. The moon came out on purpose to see it. There it stood in the middle of the little Green Elf's parlor. From the top to the bottom it was shining with the fireflies for lights and the frost crystals. The wheat was hung. On every branch there were nuts and there were chains of pine needles.

After it was all finished, the little Green Elf and a friendly pixie went up to fetch the lame squirrel. They were a long time bringing him down. You see, he was so very lame and so hungry that he was weak.

While they were gone, something happened. Nobody ever found out who did it. Perhaps Santa Claus passed by, but wonderful things were left in the little Green Elf's parlor, all nicely arranged around the room.

When he reached his door with the lame squirrel, he stood still. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep.

The same Christmas tree was there, but it was ten times more beautiful. There were glowworms and fallen stars to make it brighter. There were hundreds of nuts, hazelnuts, butternuts, walnuts, chestnuts. There were bags of pumpkin seed and cans of milkweed. Best of all—on the very tiptop was a green overcoat for the little Green Elf.

All night long the lame squirrel sat up and ate nuts. All night the little Green Elf danced around the Christmas tree in his little green overcoat, and the rest of the wood folk—the pixies, the kobolds, the gnomes, and the fairies, all came out and danced, too, they were so glad.

When morning came, the little Green Elf looked out of his door. The sun was shining. He was warm.

"Beautiful weather," he said. "Best Christmas I ever spent!"

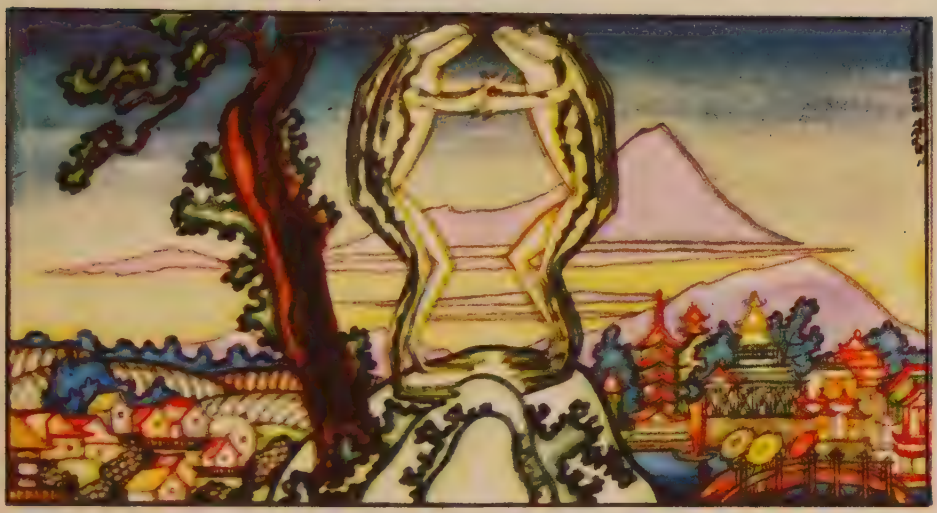
"That's so," said the lame squirrel through a mouthful of nuts that he was contentedly chewing.

CRADLE HYMN

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

MARTIN LUTHER



THE TWO FROGS

Japanese Folk Tale

ONCE upon a time there lived in Japan two frogs. One of them made his home in a ditch near the town of Osaka, on the seacoast, while the other lived in a little river near the city of Kioto. At such a great distance apart, they had never even heard of each other; but, oddly enough, the idea came into both their heads at once that they would like to see a little of the world. The frog who lived at Kioto wanted to visit Osaka, and the frog who lived at Osaka wished to go to Kioto, where the great Mikado had his palace.

So one fine morning in the spring they both set out along the road that led from Kioto to Osaka, each going towards the home city of the other. The journey was more tiring than they expected, for they did not know much about traveling. Halfway between the two towns they came to a mountain. It took them a long time and a great many hops to reach the top, but there they were at last, and what was the surprise of each to see another frog before him! They at once fell into conversation, each explaining why he happened to be so far from home. It was delightful to find that they both felt the same desire to learn a little more about Japan—and as there was no hurry they stretched themselves out in a cool, damp place, and agreed that they would have a rest before each went on his way.

"What a pity we are not bigger," said the Osaka frog. "If we were we might see both towns from here, and tell if it is worth our while going on!"

"Oh, we could manage that," answered the Kioto frog. "Let us stand up on our hind legs and hold on to each other, and then we can each look at the town he is traveling toward. Will you, my friend?"

The Osaka frog at once jumped up and put his front paws on the shoulders of his friend, who had risen also. There they stood, holding each other tightly, so that they might not fall down. The Kioto frog turned his nose towards Osaka, and the Osaka frog turned his nose towards Kioto; but the foolish things forgot that when they stood up their great eyes lay in the backs of their heads, and that though their noses might point to the places to which they wanted to go, their eyes saw the places from which they had come.

"Dear me!" cried the Osaka frog, "Kioto is exactly like Osaka. It is certainly not worth such a long journey. I shall go home!"

"If I had had any idea that Osaka was only a copy of Kioto I should never have traveled all this way," the frog from Kioto exclaimed. As he spoke he took his paws from his friend's shoulders, and they both fell down on the grass. Then they took a polite farewell of each other, and set off for home again, and to the end of their lives they believed that Osaka and Kioto were as like as two peas, and never suspected that they really are as different as different can be.

I MEANT to do my work today—
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

From *The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems*. Used by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., New York.

THE NAUGHTY COMET

LAURA E. RICHARDS

THE door of the Comet House was open. In the great courtyard stood hundreds of comets of all sizes and shapes. Some were puffing, and blowing, and arranging their tails, all ready to start; others had just come in, and looked shabby and forlorn after their long journeyings, their tails drooping disconsolately; while others still were switched off on side-tracks, where the tinker and the tailor were attending to their wants and setting them to rights. In the midst of all stood the Comet Master, with his hands behind him, holding a

From *Toto's Merry Winter*. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

very long stick with a very sharp point. The comets knew just how the point of that stick felt, for they were prodded with it whenever they misbehaved themselves; accordingly, they all remained very quiet, while he gave his orders for the day.

In a distant corner of the courtyard lay an old comet with his tail comfortably curled up around him. He was too old to go out, so he enjoyed himself at home in a quiet way. Beside him stood a very young comet with a very short tail. He was quivering with excitement, and occasionally cast sharp impatient glances at the Comet Master.

"Will he *never* call me?" he exclaimed, but in an undertone, so that only his companion could hear. "He knows I am dying to go out, and for that very reason he pays no attention to me. I dare not leave my place, for you know what he is."

"Ah!" said the old comet, slowly, "if you had been out as often as I have, you would not be in such a hurry. Hot, tiresome work, I call it. And what does it all amount to?"

"Ay, that's the point!" exclaimed the young comet.

"What *does* it all amount to? That is what I am determined to find out. I cannot understand your going on, traveling and traveling, and never finding out why you do it. *I* shall find out, you may be very sure, before I have finished my first journey."

"Better not! Better not!" answered the old comet. "You'll only get into trouble. Nobody knows except the Comet Master and the Sun. The Master would cut you up into inch pieces if you asked him, and the Sun—"

"Well, what about the Sun?" asked the young comet, eagerly.

"Short-tailed Comet No. 73!" rang suddenly, clear and sharp, through the courtyard.

The young comet started as if he had been shot, and in three bounds he stood before the Comet Master, who looked fixedly at him.

"You have never been out before," said the Master.

"No, sir!" replied No. 73; and he knew better than to add another word.

"You will go out now," said the Comet Master. "You will travel for thirteen weeks and three days, and

will then return. You will avoid the neighborhood of the Sun, the Earth, and the planet Bungo. You will turn to the left on meeting other comets, and you are not allowed to speak to meteors. These are your orders. Go!"

At the word, the comet shot out of the gate and off into space, his short tail bobbing as he went.

Ah! here was something worth living for. No longer shut up in that tiresome courtyard, waiting for one's

tail to grow, but out in the free, open, boundless realm of space, with leave to shoot about here and there and everywhere—well, *nearly* everywhere—for thirteen whole weeks! Ah, what a glorious prospect! How swiftly he moved! How well his tail looked, even though it was still rather short! What a fine fellow he was, altogether!

For two or three weeks our comet was the happiest creature in all space; too happy to think of anything except the joy of frisking about. But by and by he began to wonder about things, and that is always dangerous for a comet.

"I wonder, now," he said, "why I may not go near the planet Bungo. I have always heard that he was the most interesting of all the planets. And the Sun! How I *should* like to know a little more about the Sun! And, by the way, that reminds me that all this time I have never found out *why* I am traveling. It shows how I have been enjoying myself, that I have forgotten it so long; but now I must certainly make a point of finding out. Hello! there comes Long-Tail No. 45. I mean to ask him all about everything."

So he turned out to the left, and waited till No. 45 came along. The latter was a middle-aged comet, very large, and with an uncommonly long tail—quite preposterously long, our little No. 73 thought, as he shook his own tail and tried to make as much of it as possible.

"Good morning, Mr. Long-Tail!" he said as soon as the other was within speaking distance. "Would you be so very good as to tell me what you are traveling for?"

"For six months," answered No. 45 with a puff and a snort. "Started a month ago; five months still to go."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" cried Short-Tail No. 73. "I mean *why* are you traveling at all?"

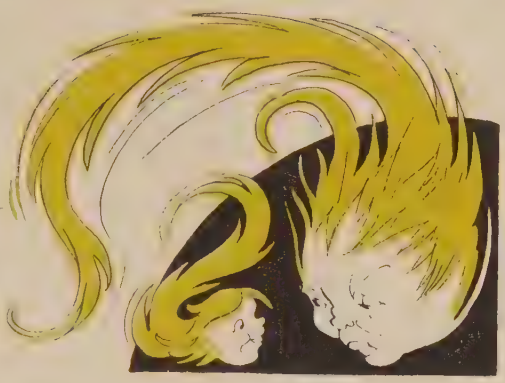
"Comet Master sent me!" replied No. 45, briefly.

"But what for?" persisted the little comet. "What is it all about? What good does it do? *Why* do we travel for weeks and months and years? That's what I want to find out."

"Don't know, I'm sure!" said the elder, still more shortly. "What's more, don't care!"

The little comet fairly shook with amazement and

indignation. "You don't care!" he cried. "Is it possible? And how long, may I ask, have you been traveling hither and thither, without knowing or caring why?"



"Long enough to learn not to ask stupid questions!" answered Long-Tail No. 45. "Good morning to you!"

And without another word he was off, with his preposterously long tail spreading itself like a luminous fan behind him. The little comet looked after him for some time in silence. At last he said:

"Well, *I* call that simply *disgusting!* An ignorant, narrow-minded old—"

"Hello, cousin!" called a clear merry voice just behind him. "How goes it with you? Shall we travel together? Our roads seem to go in the same direction."

The comet turned and saw a bright and sparkling meteor. "I—I—must not speak to you!" said No. 73, confusedly, trying to hurry onward.

"Not speak to me!" exclaimed the meteor, laughing.

"Why, what's the matter? What have I done? I never saw you before in my life."

"N—nothing that I know of," answered No. 73, still more confused, trying to hurry onward.

"Then why mustn't you speak to me?" persisted the meteor, giving a little skip and jump. "Eh? Tell me that, will you? *Why* mustn't you?"

"I—don't—know!" answered the little comet, slowly, for he was ashamed to say boldly, as he ought to have done, that it was against the orders of the Comet Master.

"Oh, gammon!" cried the meteor, with another skip. "*I* know! Comet Master, eh? But a fine high-spirited young fellow like you isn't going to be afraid of that old tyrant. Come along, I say! If there were any *real* reason why you should not speak to me—"

"That's just what I say," interrupted the comet, eagerly. "What is the reason? Why don't they tell it to me?"

" 'Cause there isn't any!" rejoined the meteor. "Come along!"

After a little more hesitation, the comet yielded, and the two frisked merrily along, side by side. As they

went, No. 73 confided all his vexations to his new friend, who sympathized warmly with him, and spoke in most disrespectful terms of the Comet Master.

"A pretty sort of person to dictate to you, when he hasn't the smallest sign of a tail himself! I wouldn't submit to it!" cried the meteor. "As to the other orders, some of them are not so bad. Of course, nobody would want to go near that stupid, poky Earth, if he could possibly help it; and the planet Bungo is—ah—is not a very nice planet, I believe. (The fact is, the planet Bungo contains a large reform school for unruly meteors, but our friend made no mention of that.) But as for the Sun—the bright, jolly, delightful Sun—why, I am going to take a nearer look at him myself. Come on! We will go together, in spite of the Comet Master."

Again the little comet hesitated and demurred; but after all, he had already broken one rule, and why not another? He would be punished in any case, and he might as well get all the pleasure he could. Reasoning thus, he yielded once more to the persuasions of the meteor, and together they shot through the great space

world, taking their way straight toward the Sun.

When the Sun saw them coming, he smiled and seemed much pleased. He stirred his fire, and shook his shining locks, and blazed brighter and brighter, hotter and hotter. The heat seemed to have a strange effect on the comet, for he began to go faster and faster.

"Hold on!" said the meteor. "Why are you hurrying so? I cannot keep up with you."

"I cannot stop myself!" cried No. 73. "Something is drawing me forward, faster and faster!"

On he went at a terrible rate, the meteor following as best he might. Several planets which he passed shouted to him in warning tones, but he could not hear what they said. The Sun stirred his fire again, and blazed brighter and brighter, hotter and hotter; and forward rushed the wretched little comet, faster and faster, faster and faster!

"Catch hold of my tail and stop me!" he shrieked to the meteor. "I am shriveling, burning up, in this fearful heat! Stop me, for pity's sake!"

But the meteor was already far, far behind, and had stopped short to watch his companion's headlong prog-

ress. And now,—ah, me!—now the Sun opened his huge fiery mouth. The comet made one desperate effort to stop himself, but it was in vain. An awful, headlong plunge through the intervening space; a hissing and crackling; a shriek,—and the fiery jaws had closed on Short-Tail No. 73 forever!

"Dear me!" said the meteor. "How very shocking! I quite forgot that the Sun ate comets. I must be off, or I shall get an aeon in the Reform School for this. I am really very sorry, for he was a nice little comet!"

And away frisked the meteor, and soon forgot all about it as he rushed along his way.

But in the courtyard in front of the Comet House, the Master took a piece of chalk and crossed out No. 73 from the list of short-tailed comets on the slate that hangs on the door. Then he called out, "No. 1 Express, come forward!" And the swiftest of all the comets stood before him, brilliant and beautiful, with a bewildering magnificence of tail. The Comet Master spoke sharply and decidedly, as usual, but not unkindly.

"No. 73, Short Tail," he said, "has disobeyed orders, and has in consequence been devoured by the Sun."

Here there was a great sensation among the comets.

"No. 1," continued the Master, "you will start immediately and travel until you find a runaway meteor with a red face and blue hair. You are permitted to make inquiries of respectable bodies, such as planets or satellites. When found, you will arrest him and take him to the planet Bungo. My compliments to the Meteor Keeper, and I shall be obliged if he will give this meteor two aeons in the Reform School. I trust," he continued, turning to the assembled comets, "that this will be a lesson to all of you!"

And I believe it was.

WHEN AND WHY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

WHEN I bring you colored toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colors on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give colored toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance, I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower, and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling, I surely understand what pleasure streams from the sky in morning light, and what delight the summer breeze brings to my body—when I kiss you to make you smile.

From *The Crescent Moon*, by Rabindranath Tagore. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York, and of The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

OUR FOURTH OF JULY

WE FOUND a little picnic place
Way out beyond the far-off hill;
Its grass was full of twinkle-lace
And clover, and its brook was still.

And Bob said we had better stop
Beside the biggest acorn tree;
So we pitched our tent with the flag on top
While a gray squirrel made a face at me.

And when we'd played most everything
And each had picked a clover bunch,
We rested in a kind of ring
And had some lemonade and lunch.

We waved the flag when we were through
And sang "America" so loud
The echoes and the birds sang, too,
And we felt very glad and proud.

And we felt thrilly, too, you know,
With sort of lumpy throats, and then
Before we packed our tent to go
We had some lemonade again.

MARJORIE BARROWS

By permission of the author and courtesy of *Child Life*.

A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO

ALICE E. ALLEN

LITTLE Abe hurried home as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stockings and finely fitting shoes, like yours, he could have run faster. But, instead of stockings, he wore deerskin leggings, and pulled over these were clumsy bearskin moccasins that his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure as he was, trudging along across the rough fields! His suit was of warm, gray homespun. His odd-shaped cap had once been on the back of a coon. The coon's tail flew out behind as

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he walked—like a funny, furry tassel. But if you could have looked into the honest, twinkling, blue eyes of this little lad you would have liked him at once.

In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold, nor a bag of jewels. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book than he would of gold or precious stones. To know just what that book meant to little Abe, you must be very fond of reading. You must think how it would seem to live far away from all the schools, to have no books of your own, and to see no books anywhere, except two or three old ones of your mother's that you had read until you knew them by heart.

So, when a neighbor had said that little Abe might take a book home and keep it until he had read it all through, do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars? A real book—a book that told about little boys and girls and the big world! Little Abe's heart beat fast; it seemed almost too good to be true.

Little Abe's home was built on a hillside. It was not much like your home. It was not built of stone or brick, not even of nice, smooth lumber, but of

rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed, close to the roof, he could look through the chinks between the logs and see the great, white stars shining down on him. Sometimes the great yellow moon smiled at him as she sailed through the dark night sky. And sometimes, too, saucy raindrops pattered down on the little face on the coarse pillow.

Tonight, after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft, he put his precious book in a small crack between the logs. When the first gray light came in, in the morning, he awoke and read until his father called him to get up. Night after night he read, until the book was nearly finished. Little Abe worked hard all day long, and never a minute had he in the daytime to peep between the covers of his beloved book.

One night he slipped the book away as usual and fell asleep to dream of the wonderful story. He awoke very early, but there were no golden sunbeams to peep through the chinks and play across his pillow. The loft was dark and little Abe could hear the wind whistling out in the trees. He reached out his hand for the book—and what do you think?—he put it into

a pile of something white and cold lying on his bed! His little bed was covered with soft, white snow!

He shivered and sat up, reaching again for the book. He pulled it out. Then the poor little fellow almost cried—for that precious book was wet from cover to cover, and its crisp leaves were crumpled and soaked from the heavy fall of snow. Poor little Abe! He sat up in his cold bed and brushed off the snow as best he could. He could scarcely keep the tears back. There was a big lump in his throat, and a big lump in his heart. What would the kind neighbor say?

As soon as he could, little Abe set off across the snowy fields to the kind neighbor's house. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind or the cold, but only of the book. When he found the neighbor he held out the poor, spoiled book, and, looking straight up into the man's face, with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad little story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work for me to pay for it?"

"I will do anything for you," said the little fellow.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into his kind face.

"Then, sir," he said, wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course," said the man, good-naturedly, "you may have the book; you will earn it."

So little Abe went to work for three days. He was cold, and his back ached as he pulled corn for the cattle, but he was too happy to mind, for was not that precious book soon to be his very own?

What do you suppose the book was, for which little Abe worked so long and faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful fairy tales, like yours? No; the book was the story of George Washington. And, long years afterward, when little Abe had grown to be a great man and the President of the United States, he used to tell the story of his first book.

"That book—the story of George Washington—helped me to become the President," he said.

BETTER THAN A PARADE

KATHRYN KEELINE BURKE

THE sun was shining very bright and warm through the small window in Jackie's room when he awoke. For a moment he lay there trying to think what pleasant thing was going to happen. Then he remembered it was Memorial Day. Memorial Day, and the Boy Scouts were to be in the parade! Jackie was going to help carry their banner. He felt a little thrill of pride at the thought that the scouts were to march just in front of the automobiles that would carry the old soldiers.

He jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. He put on his scout uniform and knotted the handkerchief of his troop around his neck. As he went down the stairs he could hear his mother talking to some one in the dining room. It was Miss Martha Summers who lived in the next house.

His mother followed her to the door and Jackie could hear what they were saying.

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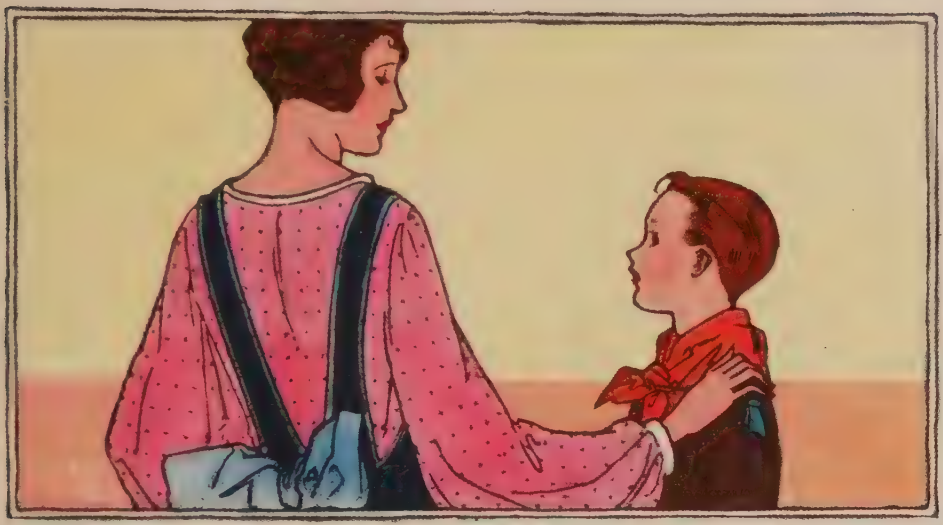


"That's all right, Martha. Of course you couldn't leave him alone, and it is too late now to ask anyone to take your place. He will be glad to be of service."

It was Mother speaking, and Jackie felt a bit worried. Could it be anything that might interfere with his part in the ceremonies?

"I hope you won't mind, dear," said Mother. "Miss Summers came over to ask if you would not stay with her father while she sings at the exercises this morning. I told her that you would."

"But, Mother!" Jackie looked as though he could

not believe what he had heard. "I am going to be in the parade."

"So was old Mr. Summers," answered his mother. "You know he is one of the old soldiers. But he does not feel well enough to stand the ride today."

"And I am to carry a corner of the Scout banner," persisted Jackie.

"Well, that is too bad, Son," Mother admitted, "but surely a Boy Scout will be willing to stay with an old man. You know, Miss Summers is on the program and she can't get anyone to sing in her place this late."

Jackie winked back the tears that were coming into his eyes. "All right," he said, "I'll go and stay with him, but I wish it had happened some other day."

About ten-thirty he went across the yard and knocked at the door of the next house. Of course he knew Mr. Summers, for the two families had been neighbors ever since he could remember. But he had never been on friendly terms with the old man. Somehow he felt that little boys were not welcome there. What would he find to talk about to this cross old man, Jackie wondered as he entered the house.

But the "cross old man" smiled at him most agreeably as he came into the other room. Jackie saw that his eyes were not really fierce. They were very friendly.

"I call this a shame, Jackie—making a fellow like you stay away from the parade to nurse an old man."

"But you're missing it, too, Mr. Summers, and it must be more important to you than me." Jackie was not going to show his disappointment.

"Well, I do enjoy them, and I don't suppose I'll be in many more," admitted the old man. "I guess I am lucky at that when I think of all the old comrades who have been gone these many years."

"Yes, sir," said Jackie, and sat upon a large, cushioned chair.

"But these parades aren't so much after all, when I sit here thinking of the days when we were really marching for a purpose."

This sounded like a story, and Jackie's eyes lighted up with interest. "Won't you tell me about some of the things that happened in those days?" he asked.

"Well, now, I've been thinking all morning over something that happened to me, and I believe you

are just the young man I ought to tell it to. It thrilled me a great deal at the time, and has given me a lot of pleasure to remember ever since. That was my meeting with President Lincoln."

"Oh, did you really talk with him?" asked Jackie.

"Yes, indeed. And if you will go to the top drawer of that desk and get me a little box in it, I will show you something I prize very much."

Jackie placed the box in the old man's hand and was very curious to see him bring out a medium-sized black button.

"Doesn't look like much, does it?" asked Mr. Summers. "Well, I will tell you the story and you can judge for yourself." He leaned back in his chair and gazed out of the window as though he were seeing again the days when he was a young soldier in blue.

"I was sent to Washington with a private message for Lincoln, after the skirmish at Bloody Angle. It was a big thing for a young private and I was pretty proud to have been chosen. All the way I rehearsed the speech with which I would hand over the message. You know, a private must be very solemn when he

is addressing one of the high officers, and the President was my commander-in-chief. Then, too, I was very young and wanted to be as dignified as I could, so the President wouldn't notice my age.

"It wasn't long to wait, though, before the President's secretary told me to go in. There I was in a large, high-ceilinged room, and the President sat with his head over a table, resting it upon his arms. He did not look at me as I handed him the papers, and I felt disappointed, for you can't make a speech to a man who won't look at you. He read the papers through twice before he glanced up, and there was the kindest smile on his face I have ever seen. I have never seen anything quite so friendly and sad."

"What did he look like, Mr. Summers?" interrupted Jackie.

"Well, his face was rough and wrinkled, but the tenderness in his eyes overshadowed everything else. He wore a frock coat that was wrinkled and shiny, and if he had been any other man he would have looked untidy. In his presence you just didn't seem to look at appearances. He smiled at me and told me to be at ease.

" 'Why, you're nothing but a mere boy,' he said. 'Come and sit down, and tell me how you find conditions among the men you are with.' And he pointed to a chair.

"I sat down and forgot all about my speech. As well as I could I told him how we were and tried to show him that we were working for the safety of our country. I meant to make him see that we were trying to help him with his great task.

"His face was very sad as I talked, and he sighed several times. His only comment when I had finished was, 'What a heap of trouble and suffering this war has made!' Then he was silent for a few moments.

"When he went to dismiss me he put his arm across my shoulders and asked for my name. It was then that I got up the courage to ask for a remembrance. Before he could even hesitate, I said desperately, 'Anything, sir—a button from your coat.' With a paper knife he ripped it off, and this is the button."

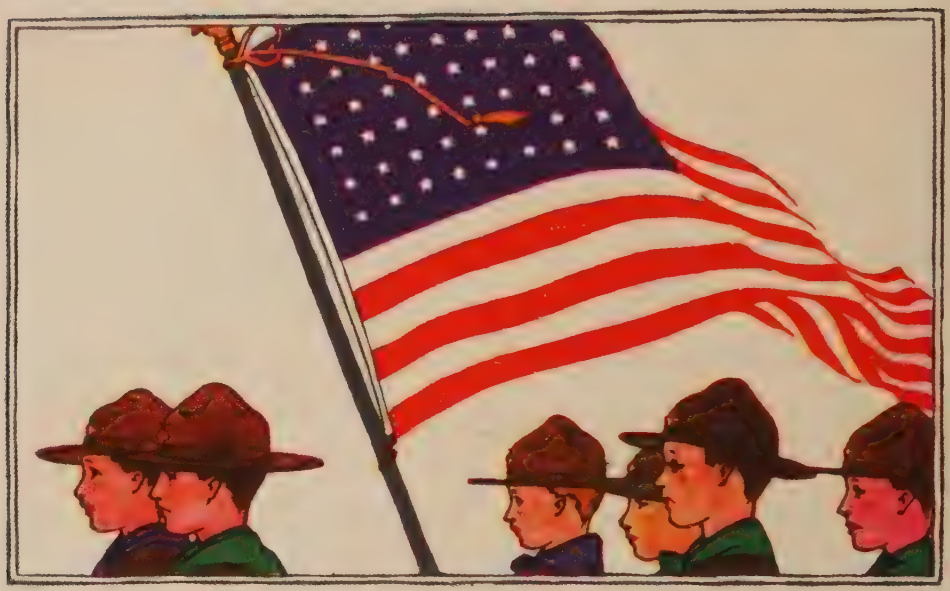
The old man fingered it reverently as Jackie looked on with new interest. "I want someone to have it who will take care of it and appreciate it. I haven't much longer to be here. I know that a boy who would come over to stay with me on such a day will do that. So I am going to give it to you to take home today."

Jackie could only stammer, "O thank you, sir." He felt all choked up, and hoped Mr. Summers would not see the tears forming in his eyes, for they were only a part of his excitement.

Luckily they heard music coming closer, and Jackie ran joyfully to the window.

"The parade is coming right up our street," he shouted.

The old man got to his feet and shuffled toward



the door. "Help me out onto the porch," he said, "and we shall salute the flag as it goes by."

No position in the parade could have given Jackie the feeling of pride that he had in standing at attention with this old soldier leaning on him while the ranks passed along.

When he went home later, the button was clasped tightly in his warm hand. He showed it to his mother first and told her the story of Lincoln's keepsake. "It was a lot better to stay with him than to march in the parade," he declared. "Gee, I was lucky!"

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

FOUR of us went to the woods one day,
Keeping the trail in the Indian way,
Creeping, crawling,
Sometimes sprawling,
Pushing through bushes, and there we found
A little green pulpit stuck in the ground,
And in the pulpit a brown man stood
Preaching to all the folk in the wood.

From *All Round Our House*. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company.

We lay as quiet as Indians do,
Because each one of the four of us knew
At any sound,
The creatures 'round,
The squirrel and chipmunks, birds and bees,
Would fly away through the ring of trees,
And Jack-in-the-Pulpit would stop his speech
If he knew we four were in easy reach.

We listened as hard as ever we could,
But not a one of us understood,
Or even heard
A single word.
Though I saw a chipmunk nod his head
As if he knew what the preacher said.
And a big gray squirrel clapped his paws
When he thought it was time for some applause.

Many and many a Jack we've found,
But none of us ever heard a sound;
So I suppose
That Jackie knows
When children try to hear him preach,
And talks in some peculiar speech.
I wonder if we could find a way
To hear what Jacks-in-the-Pulpit say!

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Aesop

ON A sunny day in summer a Grasshopper was hopping about a field, singing happily. An Ant came slowly by, carrying a grain of corn to his home.

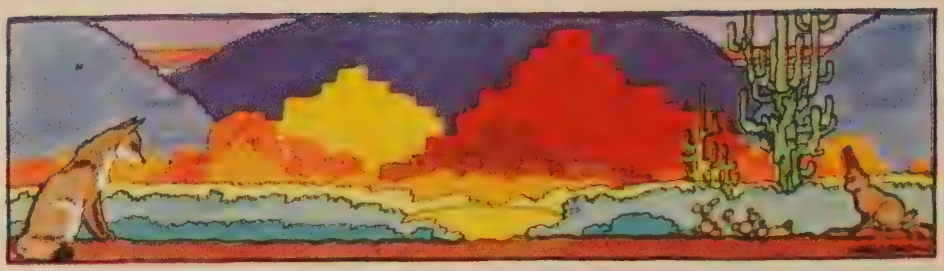
"Come and talk to me," invited the Grasshopper. "Let us sing and skip instead of working as you do."

"No," replied the Ant, "I am putting by food for the long, cold winter. You should do the same, so you, too, will have food later on."

"Oh, winter is a long way off," said the Grasshopper. "There is plenty to eat now." And he went skipping over the meadow, humming merrily.

The Ant went on his way. All summer long he worked, while the idle Grasshopper played.

But when winter came the Grasshopper had no food. He was so hungry that he had to beg food from the ants, who had corn and grain every day from what they had saved during the summer.



THE PINE-GUM BABY

Taos Pueblo

ELIZABETH WILLIS DEHUFF

A LONG time ago a beautiful river that ran through the Indian village of Taos went dry; for no rain had fallen for months and months and months. There was no water anywhere to drink, except in one little spring; and that little spring belonged to a coyote.

One morning a rabbit passed by the coyote's spring. "Good morning, Rabbit-man," said the coyote, "how are you getting along this dry weather? You must get very thirsty."

"Oh, no," replied the rabbit, "I get along fine. I have plenty of water, for I drink the dew from the cabbage leaves early each morning before sunrise."

From *Taytay's Tales*, by Elizabeth Willis DeHuff. Copyright 1921, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.

"But suppose the drought takes all the dew from the cabbage leaves, then what will you do?"

"I will find water somewhere else," replied the rabbit; and he hopped away.

Still there was no rain and everything was as dry as could be, except the coyote's spring. The rabbit grew very thirsty; so four days later, when the coyote was away from home, the rabbit went to the coyote's

spring and drank and drank the water. Later in the day the coyote met him. "Good day, Rabbit-man, how are you enjoying the dew from the cabbage leaves these days? Are you finding very much?" And the coyote threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, I am finding enough!" and again the rabbit hopped away.

The next day the rabbit waited until the coyote went out to hunt for his dinner, then he went to the spring and drank and drank.

When the coyote came back home, he went to his spring for a drink. There was very little water left in it. "Who has been taking my water?" he growled. And then he saw rabbit tracks around the spring.

"So Rabbit-man has been stealing my water! That is why he is getting along so well this dry weather. I shall have to put an end to him."

So the coyote went out and found a piece of wood and cut out of it a baby animal. Then he got gum from the piñon trees and smeared it all over the baby. He put the gum baby beside the spring and hid himself in the bushes, far back and well out of sight.

Very soon the rabbit came along for a drink at the coyote's spring. When he saw the gum baby, he bowed and said, "Hello, what are you doing here?" But the gum baby just sat still and said nothing. This made Mr. Rabbit angry.

"I say 'hello', and if you don't speak to me politely I'll push you into the spring."

The gum baby did not say anything. Mr. Rabbit grew so angry that he grabbed the gum baby and pushed him into the water.

But the gum on the baby made the rabbit stick hard and fast to him; and when he fell into the spring, Mr. Rabbit fell in, too, and got a good ducking that he did not soon forget.

NATURE FAKER'S FANCY

THE cassowary is a bird
That's hard to capture, very.
Folks hunting for her plumes have made
The cassowary wary.

Kansas City Times

THE INVISIBLE CAP

HENRY B. MASON

MY dear Joe:

The little old fairy stood by the garret window, watching a robin hopping about in an apple tree. The fairy could see the robin but the robin couldn't see the fairy because the fairy wore an invisible cap. When a fairy has his cap on, you can't see the fairy

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or the cap either. With his cap off, you can see the fairy and his cap, too.

There was a north wind blowing through the trees. It blew into the window and blew off the little old fairy's cap. The little old fairy didn't care much at first because he thought that he could find his cap easily. But he hunted for it in vain.

You and Susan and I had become acquainted with the little old fairy some time after he lost his cap and we had grown very friendly with him. One Saturday, when you and Susan were out of school and I had come home from my office, I said to you children, "I think we ought to help the little old fairy find his cap."

Susan said, "Well, we ought to hunt for the cap but not give it back right away."

I said, "Why not? That little old fairy wants his cap very much."

"Oh," said Susan, "we will give it back to him after a while. But, you know, if anybody finds a fairy's cap, the fairy has to mind that person and do some great good thing for that person before the fairy can

get his cap back. That's the rule. All the fairy stories say so. Therefore it must be true."

Susan's talk sounded pretty sensible to you and me. So we began to rummage through the garret after the cap. The little old fairy ran along at our heels, ready to pounce on the cap if he could. But you and Susan and I were all ready to grab it, if we found it first.

In five minutes I thought I had found the cap. But it turned out to be the leather cover for the top of a bottle of perfume. I don't know how the leather cover got up in the garret. Probably the perfume was used and the bottle accidentally broken and the leather cover carried up in the garret in a pile of rubbish. The leather cover did make a nice cap for the little old fairy but it didn't make him invisible. He thought at first that it might. He put it on his head and asked, "Can you see me?" We replied, "Perfectly well." The little old fairy was disappointed, but he and the rest of us had to laugh.

Joe, you were the one who found the real cap. I wish my eyes were as good as yours. You spied the cap high up on a nail. The wind must have whirled

it there. The cap was richly colored in green and red. When you saw the real cap, you called out in your excitement, "There it is!" and you pointed to it. But he couldn't jump so high. The nail was on the wall, more than six feet above the floor. I had to stand on tip-toe to take the cap off the nail. The little old fairy begged for it but we said, "Not yet, little old fairy. People don't give invisible caps back again right off; but you shall have it after awhile."

We told the little old fairy that he must first do some great good thing for us. The little old fairy said that he would give the children and me two weeks' vacation in the Rocky Mountains, and our dogs could come along, too. That sounded pretty good to us. Some people would have asked for a greater boon but it might have strained the little old fairy. We didn't wish to be too hard with him. So we said all right.

Instantly the sky filled with light, fleecy clouds. The clouds came together and began weaving into one another until they became a blanket twelve feet long and six feet wide—or rather a bag of about that size, because the blanket turned up at the edges. The edges

became stiff. The rest of the bag stayed soft, but was thick and tough.

At first, there happened to be a hole in one corner of the bag, where the clouds hadn't matted together. But the little old fairy picked a small stray cloud out of the sky, rolled it up in his hands, squeezed it together and stuffed it into the hole. It plugged up the hole completely, so that you couldn't see where the place was.

Then the little old fairy packed the bottom of the bag with eatables from Fairyland. The goods came flying through the air and settled down in the bag. There were fresh bread, butter hardened as if it had been frozen, cheese in round balls, a thick rind on the outside of each cheese, roast beef glace—that is, with something like ice around it—fried chicken glace, potatoes—some baked and some fried—ice cream, hard as a rock, mixed candies (perhaps more peppermints and caramels than any other kind; I should think twenty pounds of candy altogether), thermos bottles of milk and cream, several boxes of lump sugar, some sacks of granulated sugar and quite a large sponge layer cake.

All these goods were warranted to keep fresh for three weeks. Of course, our vacation in the Rocky Mountains was to be only two weeks long, but the little old fairy allowed for several days going and coming.

Oh yes, and besides those things, there was any amount of little odds and ends, such as pepper and salt, sweet pickles, sour pickles, preserved ginger, green olives, ripe olives; I won't spin out the list of odds and ends.

I mustn't forget, though, about the fairy thermometer. There was a screw on the side of the thermometer.

Turn the screw up and the weather grew warmer; turn the screw down and the weather grew colder. That contrivance was warranted to work for three weeks. Of course, the thermometer itself lasted longer than that. We've got it now. But the magical part was good for only three weeks. The good of it was that we didn't have to carry any bedding or change of clothing.

When the provisions were stored in the cloud-bag, they made a sort of flat floor. Over this floor the little old fairy spread a piece of cloud for a carpet. He cut the cloud to the right size with a pair of shears. When we wanted some article of food—fried chicken for instance—we had to roll back the cloud-carpet until we found the special food we wanted at the time; but that wasn't much bother.

The little old fairy—his name is Ivan; he is a Russian fairy, came to this country about a year ago because times were hard in Russia—Ivan asked us if we were ready and we said we were, all except calling the dogs. We made a mistake in saying that. It might have been a bad mistake, but Susan remembered in time.

She reminded me that the children had forgotten to ask their parents' permission to go to the Rocky Mountains. My gracious, that would have been a bad mistake. Fathers and mothers might have worried after a day or two if children disappeared for two or three weeks without leaving any word. Wouldn't your mother worry?

So we dashed into the house and told Mrs. Miller about our plans. She telephoned to Mr. Miller at his office. The first word he said was, "*wha-a-a-at?*" so loud and long that we all heard it as we clustered around the house telephone. He rushed home in an automobile. At first he didn't know whether the children had better go, at least the younger ones. But he tried the cloud-bag, climbed into it himself, and found it to be perfectly safe. Then he stepped out and said for Susan and Joe to go, if they would be careful. They said they would.

The parents of the other children allowed them to go because the Miller children went.

By this time the dogs were thick around the bag and crazy to jump in. Bull terrier Mike piled in first,

Airedale Billy Whiskers on top of him; but they didn't quarrel. The other dogs trooped after them. Joe Miller was the first child to land in the bag. He did it with a run and a jump. All the other children followed, and I, too.

Away flew the bag, dogs barking, children shouting, thermometer screwed up to sunny weather, Joe waving a chicken leg between his bites at the leg, Mike looking anxious as the leg grew smaller.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller waved their handkerchiefs as long as we could see them. Once it looked as if Mrs. Miller put her handkerchief to her eyes to cry a little, but after that she smiled and waved again. We flew so high that pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. Miller looked like flies, and finally like nothing.

We had a delightful vacation in a wild and beautiful valley of the Rocky Mountains, with a brook running through it. The eatables which we brought with us lasted all right. Besides, we caught trout in the brook, picked strawberries among the grass, and gathered partridge eggs in the woods. A partridge-egg omelet, when Susan makes it, is perfectly delicious. She scrambles the

eggs with plenty of butter, adds a little cream, seasons with salt and a dash of red pepper, simmers over a slow fire, and serves hot. Yum-yum, I must stop talking about partridge-egg omelets; it makes me too hungry.

We had no accidents of any account on our vacation. To be sure, a crawfish nipped Mike's tail one day and Susan tore her dress just before we left; but that didn't matter much. Mike let out a screech when he felt the nip. That was because he didn't know

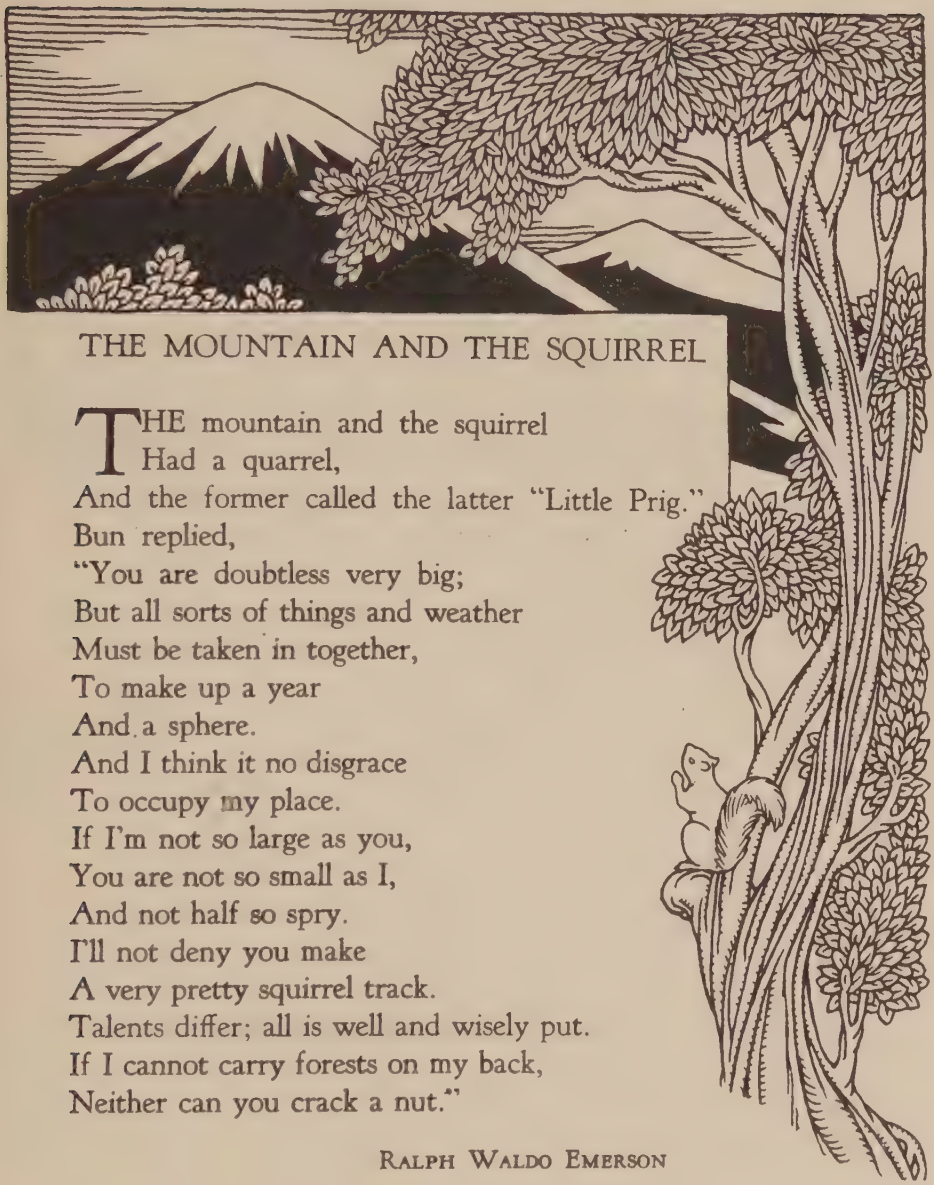
what was biting him. He shook the crawfish back into the brook. Susan's dress was her old blue gown; it had been torn and mended once before. When she came home this time, her mother mended it again. It's a good dress now for playing in the sand or running through the woods.

When vacation was over, our cloud-bag landed us safely in the Miller yard. Then it dissolved into thin air. Of course, we gave Ivan back his invisible cap. We thanked him, too, for our pleasant vacation. He was glad we had had a good time. Mike gave Ivan a ride on his back.

The thermometer now stands on the mantelpiece of the Miller parlor. The magical part of the thermometer is out of order. The thermometer doesn't *make* weather any more; just tells what the weather happens to be. It is useful for that purpose. It is also a handsome parlor ornament—crystal tube, silver frame, base of ebony with silver inlay work.

Your affectionate

Uncle Henry



THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put.
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE RAGGEDY MAN

O THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobblely calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,

From the Biographical Edition of the *Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do!—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man—
  Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
    Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An,' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
  Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
    Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says "When *you're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!
  I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!
    Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND STORY

Emilie Poulsson

IF YOU had only been in the right place at the right time and had looked in the right direction, you might have seen all this yourself; but since no one of you was anywhere near the Palace of the Future when its great doors swung slowly open, you did not see the people—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve of them—as they came out. But they did come, nevertheless, and looked about them in a puzzled way as if they did not know what to do or where to go.

Before they had much time to wonder, however, an old man stepped forward and greeted them heartily.

"Glad to see you, friends! Glad to see you. I knew you would come if I sent for you. One, two, three,

From *In the Child's World*, by Emilie Poulsson. Springfield, Mass. Milton Bradley Co.

four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. That's right, you are all here. And now I suppose you would like to know why I sent for you, wouldn't you?"

The twelve friends said they would indeed.

"Look, then," said Father Time, for that was the old man's name, and he opened his big cloak which he had been holding close about him.

The twelve crowded near to see, and what they saw was well worth looking at, for it was a dear, sweet, tiny baby, laughing and cooing and stretching up its pretty hands to be taken.

"There!" said Father Time, "that's my youngest child and his name is Little New Year. I do not want him to be all alone during his visit upon the earth, and besides there are so many things to be sent with him that he could not possibly carry them all."

"Oh! I'll go with him!" "And I!" "And I!" shouted the twelve in chorus.

"Softly, softly," said Father Time. "You cannot all go at once, but you shall each have your turn. You shall each carry something for Little New Year. My storehouse is right here and we can plan now what

you shall each take, so as to have no confusion later. Come, January, you must be the first."

"Then I will carry this banner," said January; and he brought a beautiful silken flag from the storehouse. On it was "Happy New Year" in flashing golden letters. January had also a large pack upon his back. This was full of snow, with which he intended to make coasts for the children.

"February!" called Father Time, and a little fellow stepped forward from the group and ran into the storehouse. Presently he came out with a package of valentines in one hand and pictures of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln in the other. "You have chosen well," said Father Time. "Valentines for fun, and pictures of Washington and Lincoln to remind people of those good men.

"March!"

"March where?" said February.

"March!" said Father Time, a trifle sternly.

"Oh! excuse me," said February, skipping off to talk with January.

March was rather a wild-looking fellow, and very

noisy and blustering; but he showed that he had a good heart and liked to make people happy, for when he came out of the storehouse, behold! he had chosen kites for the children to fly, a big bunch of silvery pussy willows, and a few—a very few—flowers, just one or two daffodils and crocuses and some spears of green grass. "But see," said he, "and listen! This is my greatest treasure and what will be best loved," and there was a warbling bluebird perched upon his hand.

"April!" called Father Time. April danced forth from the waiting group, curtsied to Father Time, and ran to the storehouse. She brought out a lapful of violets, a flock of robins, and a picture of Friedrich Froebel. "Right, right!" said Father Time, nodding approvingly; "that picture belongs to you, and Friedrich Froebel is another good man whom the children should learn about and love. And now, May, my dear, run in and choose your burden." Another pretty maiden answered this call; and a beautiful sight she was, especially after she had been in the storehouse. She was laden with apple blossoms and wreaths, and carried a long pole; and she walked to the sound of music, for velvety bees

hummed about her and birds of many kinds filled the air with their warbling.

"Music and dancing and flowers!" said May. "The children shall have a merry time when I am with them."

"Have you forgotten the soldiers?" asked Father Time.

"Oh, no!" said May, a tender look upon her bright face. "The most and the best of my flowers are for Memorial Day."

May took her place with those who had gone before, and Father Time called June, saying, "Hasten all you can, dear June, for there are still many to follow you."

So June made no delay in choosing, but chose well,

nevertheless, for she brought roses—roses in such profusion that one could scarcely see her lovely face peeping out from among the flowery branches. "Strawberries, too, good Father Time," said June; "I couldn't resist taking the strawberries, too."

Father Time smiled fondly. People always smile upon June, for everyone loves her.

"July!" called Father Time.

Into the storehouse and out again in a trice bounded a lively boy. "The minute I saw these I knew they were what I wanted," said he, showing Father Time a package of fireworks and waving an American flag.

"Hurrah!" cried Father Time, "that's right! But have you also the book of American history?" "Here it is," said July. "These things were fastened to it, so I brought them all along together."

"Right again," said Father Time. "Flags and fireworks wouldn't be of much account without that. Now, August, see what you would like from the storehouse."

August returned with golden sheaves bound upon his back, and carrying a great flower-decked basket.

"In the basket I have put as much fruit as I can possibly carry," said August, "and yet there is so much left that whoever takes the rest will have a rich load."

"That shall be you, September," said Father Time. "Nothing would suit you better, I am sure, with your warm heart and your strong arms."

September accordingly loaded himself with beautiful fruits—apples, pears, peaches, grapes—not a whit less delicious than those which August had brought.

October was next called. He was a gay, breezy fellow. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Who will be welcomed more than I, with these ripe nuts and these beautiful branches of gaily colored leaves!"

"My faith!" said Father Time. "I fear my storehouse has no more treasures, each one of you has taken so much. Go and look, November."

November came forward rather sadly, but looked cheerful enough after his return from the storehouse. He fairly staggered under the weight of the golden pumpkins and the big fat turkeys which he carried. "What do you say to these?" said he, triumphantly. "But the best thing is in my pocket—a paper which tells that Thanksgiving day belongs to me."

"True enough," assented Father Time. "And now, December," said he, turning to the last waiting figure, "you, I know, will find no warbling birds nor budding flowers; yet are you, above all others, a joy bearer to mankind."

December disappeared in the storehouse, but soon stepped out transfigured. No warbling birds had she, indeed, but lacked not for music; for snatches of gladdest carols burst from her lips from time to time. No fresh flowers bloomed for her in beauty and fragrance, but holly berries gleamed brightly among glossy green leaves, and a delicious odor came from the little fir tree

which she carried over her shoulder. Looking up, one could see a star which shed its silvery rays upon her.

But the wondrous light that shone all about was not from star or moon or sun, but from a picture in her hand upon which she fixed her gaze. The picture was of a baby lying in a manger.

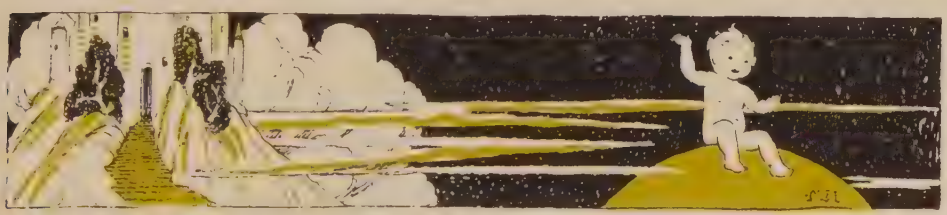
Father Time's eyes softened as he looked upon it, and his voice was full of love as he said, "Ah! the best of days and the best of gifts is yours, December. Fitting it is that you should be the last, and that the love and joy which you bear should be left to the earth as the last memory of the year. For so it shall

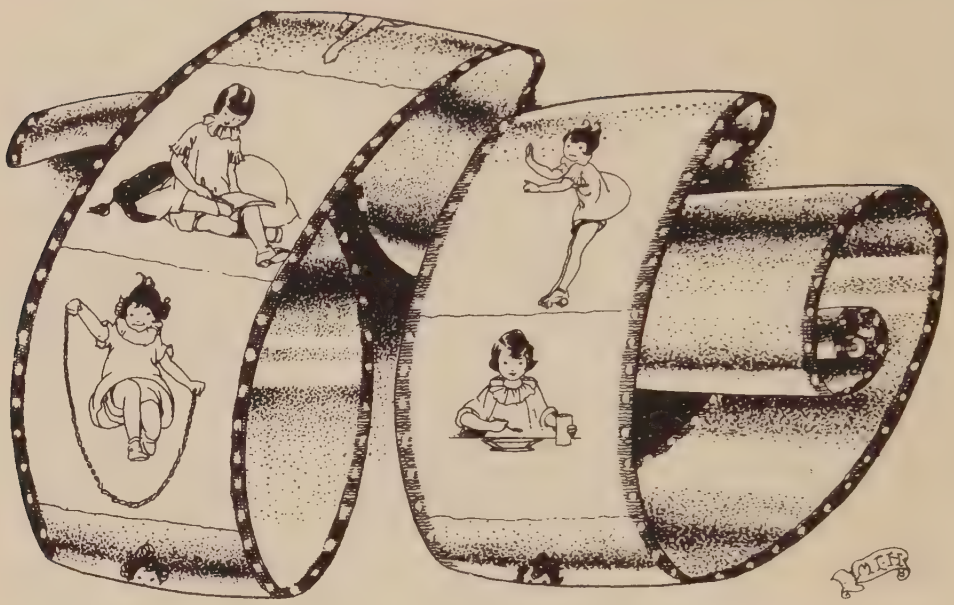
be. This child shall stay no longer than to your last day. And now, friends all," said Father Time, "will you kindly form in a procession so that each may know certainly when his turn will come?"

The twelve laden friends did as Father Time requested and filed slowly past him. He called their names as they went by, that there should be no mistake: (January, February, March, etc.) All were in their right places.

"The hour draws near," said Father Time. "Hark! it is striking! Here, January, take Little New Year in your arms. Farewell!" And lo! at the instant that the clock finished striking the midnight hour, January and Little New Year appeared upon the earth.

And all the other friends laden with their beautiful gifts went back into the Palace of the Future and are only awaiting their turn to come and bless the earth with their bounty, each in his own time.





THE WORLD'S A MOVING PICTURE PLAY

THE world's a moving picture play,
Every picture is a day;
The picture lasts till set of sun
And then the picture play is done;
And then we sleep and wait to see
What the picture next will be
When the new day's here, and so
All the pictures come and go.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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